

# Punch

9<sup>d</sup>

## The English Scene

Painted by John Leigh-Pemberton

EASTER MONDAY VAN HORSE PARADE-REGENTS PARK



LET US BE FRANK ABOUT IT: millinery was never our strong point and we must leave comment on your Easter bonnet to those better qualified to make it. But the Easter Monday Van Horse Parade in London's Regent's Park is quite another matter. We yield to no one in our admiration. As Clydesdale and Percheron, Hackney and Suffolk Punch go majestically by, superbly groomed, ribbon-decked and somehow conscious of their own dignity, we feel a tremendous pride in a very English occasion. In this we are not alone and we wonder if the rapid re-awakening of interest in the horse does not betoken a sub-conscious revolt against the tyranny of the internal combustion

engine. But, whatever the reason, the fact remains that the horse is today providing more enjoyment (both active and passive) for more people than was ever the case before. That is something which has our complete approval. We are all in favour of widened horizons—indeed, we have helped to widen them: the Midland Bank Personal Cheque Service brought banking to thousands who thought it could never be for them. The success which attended (and continues to attend) this service clearly shows that, given the opportunity, most people are very willing to have their horizons widened—which is good for them. And, of course, for us.

### Midland Bank Limited

HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2

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This is the Nest-A-Bye chair - continuous tube plywood model - comfortable and practical, nesting twelve high out of use. Also with canvas or plastic seat and back and with straight leg frame.

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MODEL No 21



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-mechanise your  
man-handling!**

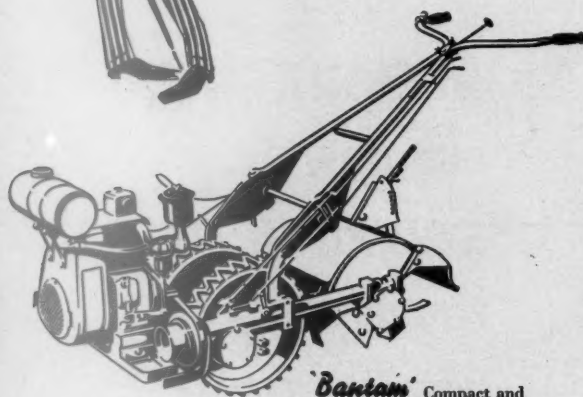
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Other models in the Howard-Clifford range include the Demon, the Halo, the Gem, the 400, and the 700.

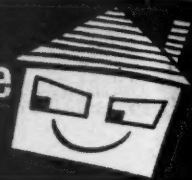
## Howard-Clifford ROTAVATOR

Regd. Trade Mark

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5-1961

Punch, April 5 1961



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The Rover Co. Ltd.

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famous  
against all  
Cement  
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unts in a  
most jobs.  
operators  
Made by  
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and for all  
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## Your best bet

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Painted by Derek Hyatt

## Shell guide to LANCASHIRE



Fell and plain, empty and populated, quiet and active, lake and sea, bare and intimately rich, ancient and very modern, ruin and factory, coal and honeysuckle, dirt and lakeland purity, English and Norwegian (on a Roman and British foundation)—has any other county more contrasts and contradictions, more of prose and poetry?

Southerners think of Manchester and Lancaster and forget they were Roman (the "fort at Mamucion", the "fort on the Lune"); think of ships and coal, and forget that Lancashire includes some of the best scenery of the Lakes—and so of Europe. They hear Lancashire speech, and do not realize it unites Lancashire to the fjords. They think of textiles and mill girls, not realizing that Lancashire's textile interest began with the Cistercian monks of Furness Abbey (1), below the fells which were the monastic sheep walks. If they remember Arkwright (born at Preston in 1732), who invented the spinning frame, or recall that the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, which was opened on 13 September, 1830, and for which Stephenson built his *Rocket* (2), was the first public railway in the world, they should also recall John Ruskin (3) (1819-1900), writing and arguing for a better society in his Lakeland home on Conistone Water, or that George Stubbs (1724-1806), grand and severe painter of horses (4), portraits and landscapes, was born and bred in Liverpool. "Bleakish, but solemn and beautiful", the poet Hopkins wrote of the fell and valley land near Stonyhurst, pondering its bluebells and brilliant leaves and flowers of wild garlic (5). Lancashire is both the wind-bent tree and the cheerfulness of Lancashire Hot Pot or Eccles cakes (6), both the black fell (an old Norse word) and that famous symbolic Red Rose of Lancaster (7), which by origin was the old *Rosa gallica*.

The "Shell Guide to Wild Life", a monthly series depicting animals and plants in their natural surroundings, which gave pleasure to so many people, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd at 7/6. The "Shell Guide to Trees" and "Shell Guide to Flowers of the Countryside" are also available at 7/6 each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls. In U.S.A. from Transatlantic Art Inc., Hollywood by the Sea, Florida, at \$2.00.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF  The key to the Countryside

# YOU

WHICH WAY WOULD TAKE THE TOWERS?



*Down in the valley, the town needs more power. The time's come to bring in a power line from the Grid. That means towers, right across these fields, and on down into the valley.*

There are perhaps a hundred paths the towers could follow. *One* must be chosen. Not plotted arbitrarily across a map, but thoughtfully, carefully sited, so that towers and cable strike the best possible balance with the landscape.

The Central Electricity Generating Board are just as concerned about this as they are about bringing in the

power. For the nation has charged the Board with a double duty. Not only to maintain an efficient, economical electricity supply, but also to preserve the amenities of the country as they go.

That's why the new line will be planned so that it follows the dark background of a wood here; skirts a village there; crosses skylines in the most inconspicuous way to be found; and eventually reaches the town through its industrial suburbs.

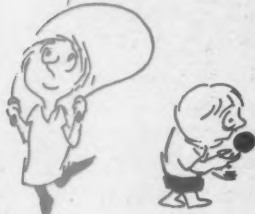


THE CENTRAL ELECTRICITY GENERATING BOARD



# The art of brevity

I PITY ALL YOU CHILDREN  
BORN AFTER SLUM  
CLEARANCE



Targets for Jules Feiffer, the young American whose work appears each Sunday in *The Observer*, are big organisations and small phonies. Both are with us, and likely so to remain.



Abu, *The Observer's* political cartoonist, takes the long view of people and events. Technically he picks off his victims with the accuracy of a boxer throwing a straight left.



"Be nice to me"

The accuracy of a boxer throwing a half-brick is supplied by Herb Gardner. Few would applaud, or even like, the 'nebbishes' in his drawings. Many love them.



Haro is not, in the strictest sense, a cartoonist, but he is much more than a mere illustrator. His penetrating comments come close to being cartoons in their own right.

All four drawings appeared in recent issues of *The Observer*. Individually, they are remarkable as pieces of short, sharp wit. Collectively they are one more good reason why you will enjoy *The Observer* each Sunday.



## TOP SECRET

Are you fond of fish and chips?

Keep it dark.

Keep it dark!

Take this friendliest of tips:

keep it dark.

Keep it dark!

Fish-and-chipping with *finesse*

Cries aloud for a Guin-ness;

Or it's equally *bon ton*

To select a Mackeson.

All that needs insisting on, is

keep it dark!

# Keep it Dark



TOOTAL

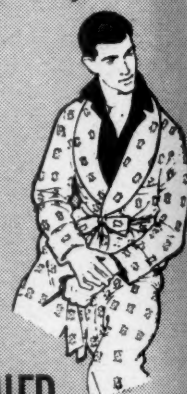
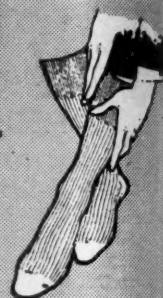
GIVES

A

MAN

A

MANNER



### TOOTAL SOCKS

Wool . . . . . 9/11

Bulked nylon . . . 6/11 to 8/11

TOOTAL TIES . . . . 5/- to 10/-

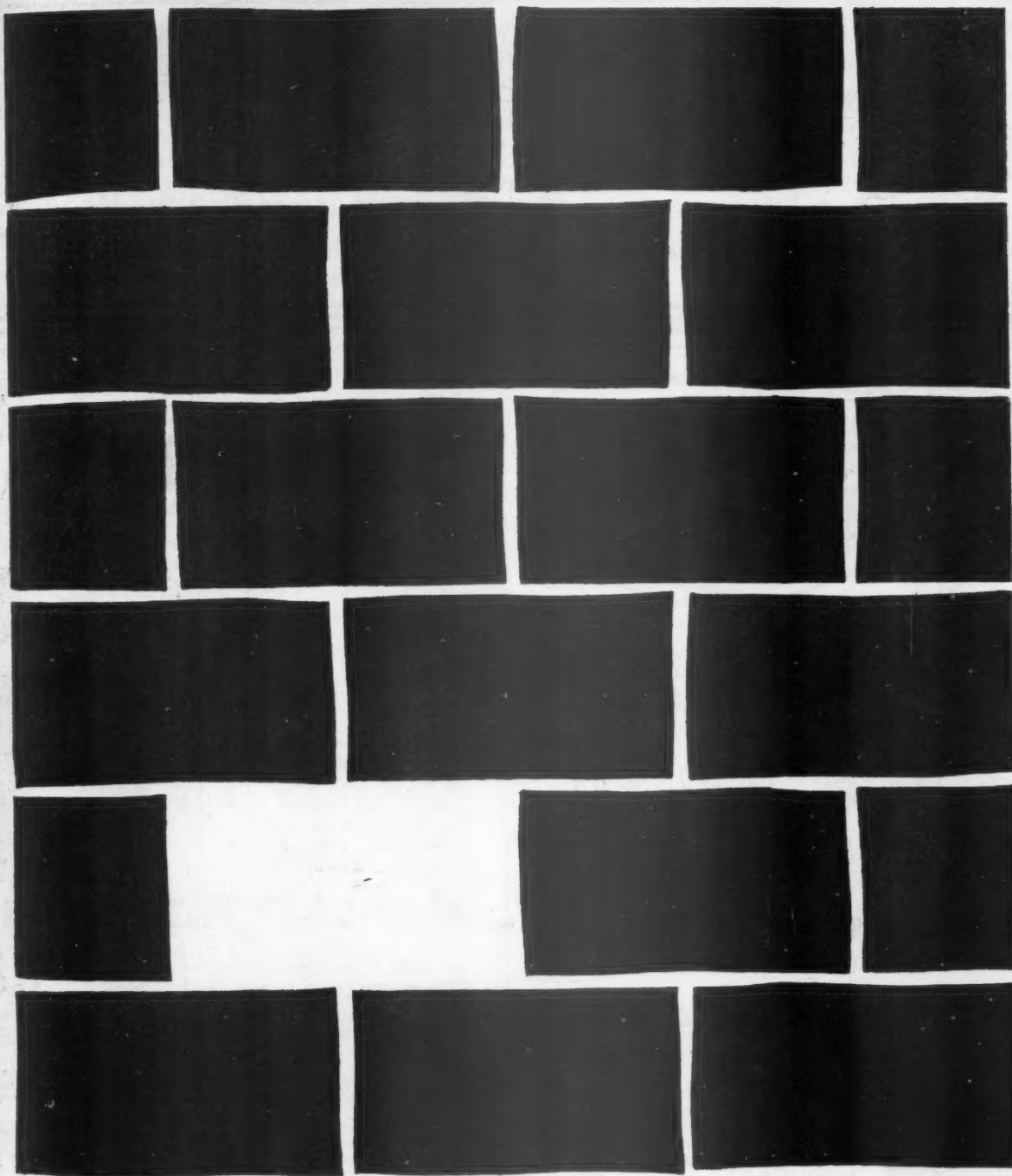
TOOTAL DRESSING GOWNS 89/6

TOOTAL CRAVATS . . . . 7/11

TOOTAL SCARVES . . . . 12/6

TOOTAL LEISURE SHIRTS  
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man

## Providing for Estate Duty - 'Edith'

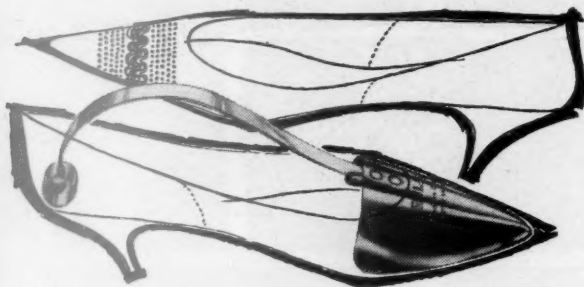
*purchases and holds minority shareholdings in private companies and small public companies—  
where shareholders have to make provision for Estate Duty  
and do not wish to lose control*

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B19



Fashion dictates—the height of your hemline, the shade of your stockings, the shape of your shoes. You comply—lengthening or shortening skirts, changing your stocking shade from Sungold to Toast, keeping your shoes in shape with Vic-Trees.

## fashion at your feet

Vic-Trees popular pointed toe models are snugly-fitting to keep your shoes shapely and smart long after date of purchase, and incidentally, they are ideal for keeping shoes in shape at the bottom of your holiday suitcase. Vic-trees supply models for all shapes and types of Ladies and Gents shoes—and make simply splendid gifts!

# Vic-Trees

preserve shoe shape—prolong shoe life

VIC-TREE PRODUCTS LIMITED BIRMINGHAM 4



With her kind permission we show the oldest resident in one of our homes. A charming and very active lady of 93.

## HELP US TO HELP

*those who cannot help themselves*

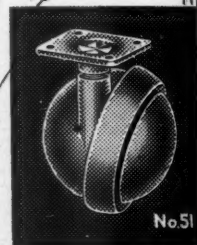
Funds are urgently needed to enable us to continue to help our large and ever increasing family, many of whom are elderly and infirm. They rely on us for temporary or permanent financial assistance in order that they may continue to maintain themselves in their own little homes, for as long as health and strength permit. When this is no longer possible, as many as can be cared for are admitted to the seven nursing and residential homes provided by the association.

## Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association

The General Secretary: Vicarage Gate House, London, W.8.

## MAGICAL MOVEMENT

You don't need a "magic wand" to move big chairs, settees, ward robes, etc., . . . after they've been fitted with 'Shepherd' Castors. Just a finger-tip touch and heaviest furniture glides smoothly . . . in the desired direction.



No. 51

## KENRICK 'SHEPHERD' CASTORS

REGISTERED TRADE MARK



FOR TEA-TROLLEYS  
DINNER-WAGONS etc.

Pattern No. 83 as illustrated (or Pattern No. 81 with square plate as on No. 51 above)  
4" diam.

PER SET  
OF FOUR 46/9

Per set of four  
complete with  
screws  
—Bronze finish

Pattern  
No. 51  
32/6

From furniture stores iron-mongers, upholsterers, Co-ops, etc. Ask to see illustrated list.

Sole Manufacturers ARCHIBALD KENRICK & SONS LTD., Warr Bromwich, Staffs.

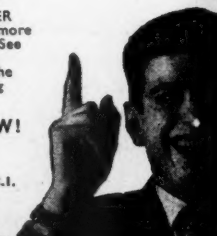
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Gratispool Colour Club members enjoy the best processing, quick service and the lowest all-in rates for colour obtainable anywhere! Join now by sending 10/7 for Ektachrome 620, 120 or 127 (or 14/2 for 35mm.). When exposed, return the film with 15/6 (or 18/6 for 35 mm.). This all-in price includes your set of sparkling colour transparencies, together with mounts AND ANOTHER 10/7 or 14/2 EKTACHROME COLOUR FILM! No more films to buy—you just pay the all-in price each time. See what you save! Processing is done in air-conditioned laboratories with electronic-controlled equipment. The quality is superb! Even box cameras are producing most delightful results.

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# ATCO

## bring the QUIETEST 4/Stroke Motor Mowing within reach of everyone !

The new 12" and 14" ATCO'S set a new standard for domestic motor mowing. They are as revolutionary in conception as were the original ATCO Motor Mowers in 1921. They are simpler to operate, have more complete specifications, and are stronger and lighter than ever before. And the New Low Prices\* make ATCO Mowing a must for even the Smallest Lawn.

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The quality of ATCO service has been a bye-word for the past 40 years. Every ATCO can be serviced from one of the many ATCO-owned branches, and EVERYWHERE there is an ATCO Engineer ready to advise and help you with your motor mowing problems.

### ATCO LAWN EDGE TRIMMER

One of the really genuine labour saving tools in regular use today. The ATCO Lawn Edge Trimmer enables the lawn edges to be kept as trim and smart as the lawn itself.

£3

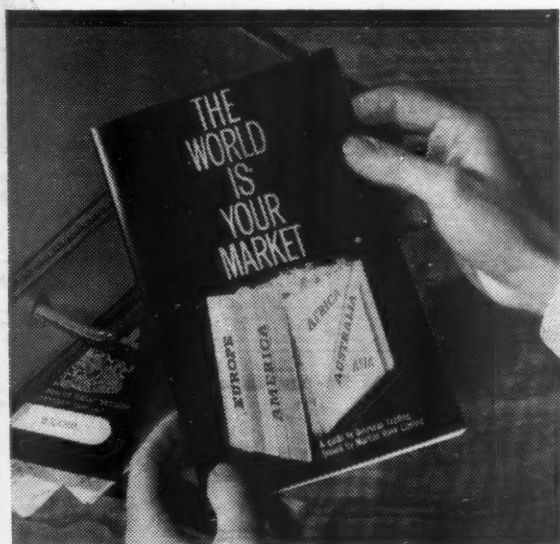
### SPECIAL ATCO FEATURES:

NEW 4/Stroke ENGINE specially designed for ATCO mowing. ATCO Recoil Starter. Exceptionally smooth CLUTCH; unique CUTTERS giving 74 Cuts per yard which can be driven independently of the rear roller. Built-in FREE-WHEEL. A complete range of flexible driven tools including Hedge Trimmer is available for most models.



\* You must ask your Dealer to tell you the new prices — 14" model only £38.4.9, with Extended Terms of course. Better still, write now to ATCO for the 1961 literature.

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... when we were thinking of doing business overseas we found this booklet most helpful. It has been produced by our bank and is full of information about the things we wanted to know such as exchange control, shipping documents, credit and insurance. It is well worth asking for a copy at your local branch of...

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the  
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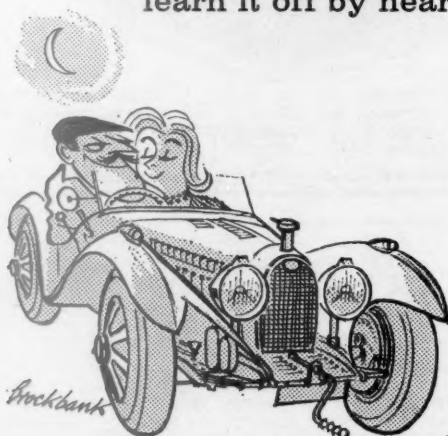


AND ALWAYS CARRY COOKS TRAVELLERS CHEQUES

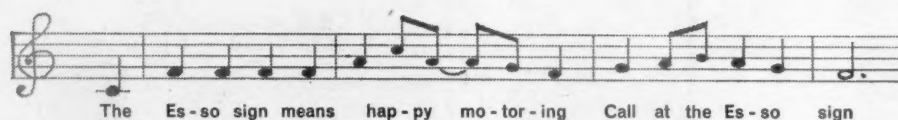
Racing-drivers chant it  
as they line up at the start,



Driving-teachers make their pupils  
learn it off by heart,



Sweethearts gently breathe it  
when the time has come to part—



**GOLDEN**



FINEST PETROL YOU CAN BUY

# PUNCH

Vol. CCXL No. 6290  
April 5 1961

Edited by  
Bernard Hollowood



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## Subscriptions

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\*For overseas rates see page 558.

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## The London Charivari

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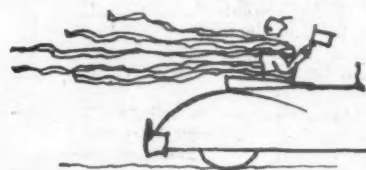
HRUSHCHEV Tired of Summits" the headlines said, as of a child bored with stamp collecting or Yo-yo. Can it be that this man, as jocund as any I know when not castigating imperialist hyenas, hasn't included in his wide reading of maxims "A merry heart goes all the day, Your sad heart tires in a mile-a"? Counting summits as Everests, we've never yet got beyond the stage of taking on Sherpas at Namche Bazar and walking to the Monastery. We haven't even started hacking a way up the icefall, let alone threaded the western cwm or attacked the col, and if Hunt, Hillary and Co. had got tired of the game as early as this it wouldn't have been worth having all the row about the copyright of the success story.

### The Paper Avalanche

B

---

USINESS is so brisk in the New York Stock Exchange these days that the ticker-tape system cannot always keep up with the movement of shares, and the authorities are considering installing a high-speed ticker that



records sales on a roll of paper three and a half inches wide. If the new system is adopted it'll be more than a returning hero's life is worth to submit to one of those traditional New York welcoming parades.

### Don't Be Greedy

"B

---

E a Two-Car Family, Free!" says the advertisement. But the prize in the competition (leaving aside five years' free petrol and a cash bonus of



£250) is only one car. The assumption that everyone has one car already is one of the Affluent Society's calmest yet.

### Sunny Side Up

A

---

HALF-TRUTH can be made palatable, as is pointed out by the Automatic Car Wash Association of America, chiding the weather bureau for forecasting "partly cloudy" instead of "partly sunny," which is better for business. This is the old argument about half-full or half-empty. We should be on the side of the angels of optimism and insist on people being half-sane, half-sober and half-full of vitality. The brewers are right when they tell you that you are twice the man on their beer; they don't insult you by saying you were only half a man before you had it.

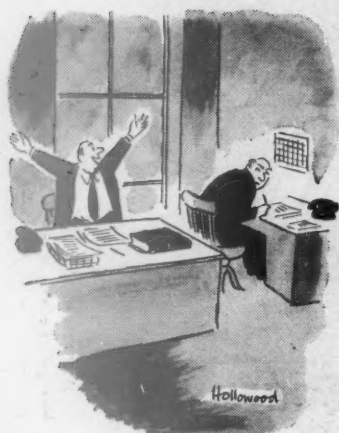
### Luxury?

T

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HE "men with the grey flannel minds" (to borrow a Thurberism) should ask themselves what the word "luxury" means. Just now we are being pressed to indulge in "luxury mowing" with hand-pushed *de luxe* models. I wonder, are there really





"Can't you feel it? The Annual Estimates, rumours of devaluation, the Budget, Ways and Means—it's spring, I tell you!"

connoisseurs of grass cutting, men who talk of mowers as other men talk of violins, old port and women? To my mind cutting grass is still a chore no matter how powerful, sweet-running and tractable the mower; just as a treadmill jewelled in every bearing is still not a luxury treadmill.

#### Fetching Carrie

I WAS sorry to see that Caroline Kennedy (3), The White House, Washington, has her own personal dress designer, with the result that the Kennedy Junior look is spreading throughout America. We've got used to her father's being the youngest President, and on the whole we don't mind; but if Caroline's going to come up as the world's youngest best-dressed woman our feelings for the family will sour a little.

#### Bad Old Days

THE new body of impending motoring legislation likely to result in the endorsement of more and more licences brings up the question of the misuse of the word endorsement, which means writing on the back of. In the days when cheques still had to be endorsed I was once present when a cashier was hoist with, as you might say, his own tautology. "Endorse it on the back," he instructed a customer baffled by the unfamiliar intricacies of the Bills of Exchange Act. "No, no,

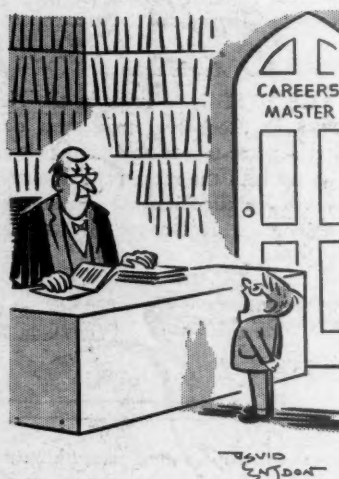
no," added the cashier wearily, as the customer returned the document having obediently written "In Dorset" on the back.

#### Short Time

TO-DAY, according to my calendar, PAYE Week 53 begins. Tomorrow PAYE Week 1 begins. So, by the whim of the tax-gatherers, we are enjoying a one-day week. I hope it is some use to them; the only benefit I've derived from it is that for once I can account for that Monday-morning feeling I had this morning.

#### Auld Acquaintance Handling

"ALWAYS let the caller know what is going on," the Post Office advise operators in a booklet on the Telephone in Business, adding "In this way he will know he has not been forgotten." It is difficult for an immature telephonist to know how far to go with lading out the office gossip to a waiting caller. "Sales have gone up just in the twenty-five minutes you've been holding on" is safer than "The chairman will take you right now when he's through with his Alka-seltzer." But mergers can leak as quickly as pipes after frost and any such indiscretions as "I'm putting you through the moment Charlie Clore's off the line" must be severely checked.



"Isn't the trouble with industry, sir, that you can go to the very top and then end up saddled with British Railways?"

#### In next Wednesday's PUNCH Gambling

A new series examining the law, economics, psychology and ethics of the betting industry and

#### "Growing Up in Meadow Prospect"

By GWYN THOMAS

A series of youthful reminiscences of life in the Welsh valleys.

#### Show Us Over an Admiral

LAST week-end, for the first time for many years, there were no Easter "Navy Days" at Chatham. Parents who had promised the kids a day out with the Fleet explained to them that their disappointment was *not* due to the Navy's not having any ships.

#### Let's Make Auntie Jump

AFTER police at Leamington found a skeleton in a cellar an eighty-year-old man who had lived in the house as a child said that his father had got it from a doctor friend and "used to bring it out to frighten people." Of course there was no television then: as people are always saying, they had to make their own amusements.

#### Quiet Time Coming

SCIENCE fiction writers are fond of wondering who or what will inherit the earth once the atom bombs have rendered it untenable for man. The list of suggestions ranges from mutants to mosquitoes, but as far as I know, no one has suggested shrimps until recently. Now naturalists are saying that *Anaspides tasmaniae* is a likely contender. This freshwater Tasmanian shrimp is one of the oldest living creatures and has remained unchanged for the past 250,000,000 years. I do not know whether I am glad or sorry about this, though it is pleasant to feel that, once we are all gone, the planet is likely to have a bit of a rest for the next 250,000,000 years.

#### Test for Revival

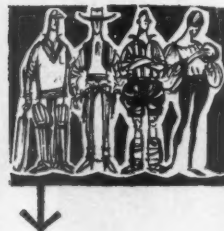
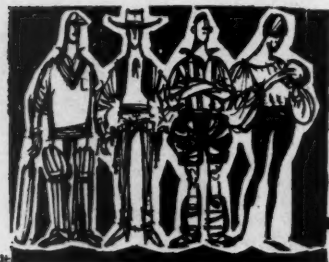
I SHALL not be convinced that the Liberal Party has really arrived back in politics until it can afford to expel MPs.  
— MR. PUNCH



"Gentlemen, please! They'll hear us downstairs."

## Diminishing Returns

*What is happening to the old staples of British entertainment? To the theatre, the cinema, soccer and cricket? Are they in fact declining? And if so, why?*



### DO IT YOURSELF TAKE-OVER



By **Bernard  
Hollowood**

**T**HIRTY-ODD years ago the pattern of recreation and entertainment for most people was extremely simple. Sunday was a day of foot-loose but bootless idleness—no sport, no organized entertainment. On Saturday afternoons we devoted ourselves to cricket or football and during the rest of the week we felt deprived, unless we could manage to find the price of admission to the cinema and the theatre.

I was living in the Midlands, in an unlovely industrial conurbation, and these ritual forays into the world of make-believe seemed essential to my existence and sanity. In winter I played in a crude form of soccer, travelling miles by bus to get a game on some field of rough grazing, changing in barns or stables or merely behind the hedge, and returning home caked in carboniferous clays or Keuper Marl. Sometimes I joined the thousands who flocked to the big-time games played by Second Division professionals and stood under all weathers on the cinder embankment behind the "home" goal. Once a week I stocked up with the ectoplasmic emanations of Hollywood, with Garbo, Lloyd, Chaplin, Mix and Marx. Friday nights found me in the pit at the Theatre Royal indiscriminately lapping up everything that was offered—the Shaw Week, the Shakespeare Festival, Edgar Wallace, *Hit the Deck*, *Dracula*, and so on—and applauding madly as the stars of the stock companies made their annual farewell visits. In summer I played cricket in the local league.

There were other group activities, no doubt, but these four, cricket, soccer, the cinema and the theatre were easily the most important to my generation. They were, I now realize, less than ideal both in specific standard and in the ancillary matters of accommodation and creature comforts. Too many of the films and theatre shows were trite, inadequate. The football was of the kick-and-rush type and hardly recognizable as the game played since the war by the Hungarians, Spaniards and Brazilians. Kindergarten draughts as against Grand

Master chess. There were not enough cricket or football pitches for all who wanted to play and everywhere spectators were expected to put up with a hopeless lack of amenities. Looking back from 1961 it is not surprising that these activities should have lost some of their magic, and that all in one way or another are suffering from diminishing returns.

The facts, as given by the four specialist writers in this series, are plain enough. Paul Dehn showed that since 1956 (when half of TV went commercial) cinema attendances have fallen by fifty per cent, and that more than 1,200 cinemas in Britain have either closed down or been converted into bowling alleys. Richard Findlater said that outside London some 500 live theatres have been shut down during the past half-century and that in thirty years the number of theatrical touring companies has been cut from 180 to "fewer than a dozen." In soccer, as Geoffrey Green pointed out, the decline in attendances has been continuous since the boom years just after the war, from 41 million in 1949 to 32½ million in 1960; and cricket, still wonderfully supported in its Test Matches, is kept alive at county level, as E. W. Swanton admitted, by subscriptions and the proceeds of pools rather than by gate-money.

Is the decline of these old staples of entertainment to be regretted? Only, surely, if we regard the old loyalties of pre-war days as pre-ordained in the best of all possible worlds. If we are fair we have to admit that cricket and football, the cinema and the theatre, won massive support in the first place because they were the only cheap sources of popular entertainment available. In their highly organized form they were the cultural and recreational offshoots of the nineteenth-century industrial revolution and crowded urban development. They still are. There is no more economical way of catering for the industrial worker's leisure than to have thousands passively watching the energetic few, a hundred



thousand watching twenty-two at Wembley, thirty thousand watching thirteen at Lord's, a thousand or so watching the creative work of one writer and a handful of actors on the boards, or millions watching the antics of a few on celluloid.

Soccer and cricket, the cinema and ultimately television were implicit in *The Wealth of Nations* and the inventions of James Watt, George Stephenson, Hargreaves, Arkwright, Crompton, and so on. They were devised in accordance with the laws of supply and demand, and for many years they enjoyed the fruits of increasing returns. It should therefore surprise nobody, nor sadden other than the diehard devotee, that time should have swung the graph of statistical returns to the slide and perhaps the slippery slope.

For years during the period of maximum attendances the

thoughtful ones used to bemoan the fact that Britain was a nation of inactive spectators. "If only," our social reformers would say, "we could get more people to participate—do it themselves rather than watch it done by others." Well, this is precisely what has happened. The brighter side of the four reports in this series has been the revelation that more and more people are *actively* engaged in the old staples of entertainment. E. W. Swanton mentions the "Youth Cricket Associations which in their last decade under the benevolent encouragement of MCC have sprouted like mushrooms all over the country." Green points to "the vast mass of amateur sides, organized into county leagues and competitions, the special care of the FA itself, which can now boast over 32,000 clubs under its jurisdiction through



"If I'd known promotion was so slow I'd never have joined."



"D'you think there's anything in this astrology business?"

the various County Associations." Findlater: "... the steady withering-away of the professional stage in the past forty years has been accompanied—until very recently—by an equally steady expansion of the amateur stage. Around 750,000 people are now probably engaged in do-it-yourself theatricals as members of amateur societies..." And Dehn: "... so now (while ordinary cinemas wilt) club cinemas are mushrooming... More are on the way. The outlook for the cinema as an art is sunny."

The critics then find consolation in the do-it-yourself movement. But there are, of course, thousands of new, equally worth-while activities, in which the lost squadrons of spectatorship now take part. In our relatively affluent society ordinary people can now afford more than the price of admission to pit, stalls, terrace or paddock; more people have gardens, little boats, cars, more can afford the equipment to play games of their own choosing, more have the money to go shopping for pleasure, and millions watch the telly. They are no longer tied by economic duress to the old forms of entertainment, and freedom to choose has meant also freedom to indulge the critical faculties. They are no longer doped and duped by soccer. The scramble for league points does not satisfy them: they want good, cerebral football, football of pattern and style, of aesthetic appeal as well as spirit and enthusiasm, and they want reasonably comfortable viewing conditions. They want the best soccer available, which means matches between the best clubs of all

countries. The endless league programme has become a bore.

Cricket, at county level, is even more of a bore. It is played six days a week, from 11.30 a.m. to 6.0 p.m., throughout the summer from May to September—about a hundred days of cricket a year: and it is still plotted to a pattern that was set in the eighteenth century, when matches were stretched to two innings and three or more days in order to justify long and arduous journeys between country house and country house. For most fans county cricket is nowadays something to read about in the papers—and what excellent reading matter it makes!—and to visit for the odd hour or so every season. It is the only game which spectators are expected to watch in this way, in instalments, without any real hope of seeing the thing through to a decision. At other levels, in village, club and league, cricket approaches the shape and time-scale of other entertainments such as soccer, rugby, hockey, racing, athletics, orchestral concerts, theatre and the cinema: that is, the play lasts no longer than the majority of spectators and performers want it to last, so that after about five or six hours stumps are drawn and bodies and minds can move to other matters. In my view it is tragic that the great game should be ruined at county level by the blind conservatism of the authorities. It is no accident that whenever cricket has flourished in the Commonwealth it has had to adapt itself to the social and economic conditions of the twentieth century and look almost exclusively to the week-end spectator and player for its support.

When we turn to the cinema and the theatre there can be little doubt, I think, about the ravages of TV. But television will not claim its millions of viewers unless standards in the long run improve, and at present there seems to be little hope of this. There is too much TV, just as there was not long ago too much cinema, and it is likely that in its turn it will also suffer decline. My guess is that it will then experience diminishing returns far more severe than those suffered by the older forms of entertainment.

Already the stimulus of competition has had some effect. As Findlater wrote: "Britain can boast of a magnificent array of players, richer by far than the active strength of thirty or forty years ago... What's more, a cluster of brilliant young dramatists has appeared in the last five years, to reinforce a wealth of drama new and old." And Dehn: "As an art, of course, the cinema has not retreated at all. It has advanced, both technically and commercially, to capture little strong-points not only in the little 'Art Houses,' where masterpieces like Bergman's *Wild Strawberries* and Truffaut's *Les quatre cents coups* can pack the Academy and the Curzon for months, but also on the big commercial circuits, where a stylistic triumph like Reis's *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* can earn glittering dividends at the box office."

The conclusion must be then that diminishing returns may also mean increasing quality. As our standard of leisure improves we become more independent, more critical, more self-reliant, more choosy. We discover the delights of doing it for ourselves, of sampling new games, sports and art forms. And we decide to accept the spectacle offered by the older forms of entertainment only if they can match the pleasure of our own awakening creative impulse. In the long run, I think, it will be seen that the diminishing returns we have written about are a sign of material and (dare I say it?) cultural progress.

## Fifth Mosquito's Song

*(The anopheles is now defying the standard spray, a traveller alleges)*

THE bright blood of Mrs. Ripley-Lawson,  
Brigadier ffoulkes and Major "Tiny" Bellows!  
Nightly I sipped it, zooming through the curtains,  
Humming a rondo.

Clarity, bouquet—that is what I went for;  
Vintage, non-vintage, military or civil—  
You should have seen those rows of regal snozzles  
Blushing at sunrise.

O the wild night when all the sleeping Pharaohs  
Stirred in their tombs to hear the noise at Luxor;  
Ten picked commandos and one main objective—  
Lowells or Cabots.

Now I am old, a very old mosquito,  
Boring ten million offspring with my stories,  
Forays, escapes, late slaps and futile sprayings,  
Nosedives and sideslips.

Once in my youth I heard with dumb amazement  
Tales of a lyrical Italian forbear  
Gifted with song—a present from the Brownings,  
Mr. and Mrs. . . .

Pooh! I am silent. What are feats of this kind?  
More dazzling targets lure a new proboscis;  
Biting the haughty snout of Mother Science?  
Rascals, I hail ye!

— D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS



"I was born here."





"That's better! I managed to keep on the fairway this time!"

## The Mail Goes Through . . . Sometimes Twice

By E. S. TURNER

**I**N this, the frightening age of the astronaut, the common man turns for reassurance to the shorter items in his newspaper, hoping to read that postcards mailed in London in 1918 are still taking forty-two years to travel to Dumfries. The other day the *Guardian* was able to confirm for him that this was indeed so; its report, headed "Forty Years On," occupied twenty lines on page one instead of the normal two lines in "News in Brief." Clearly the *Guardian* knows that its readers can have too much of sputniks, not to mention vicars, and that man yearns for the familiar news items on which he was reared.

Reports of letters being courteously delivered after a lapse of three or four reigns have played a valuable part in building up the prestige of the Post Office. They have also done much to make British journalism the envy of the world, quite as much as the clever sayings of Husband at Hatfield and

Woman Witness at Willesden. When the reader sees the traditional headline "Post Haste" (or, sometimes, "It's Quicker to Telephone") he knows he can expect good human stuff. What fun it must be to receive a hasty scrawl announcing the birth of a new niece, only to find that one has been sending her birthday presents for thirty-three years! What a thrill for a dear old lady when she realizes that the Bert who signs a "send more socks" appeal from the Somme is the man who, at this moment, is snoring in his socks in the armchair opposite!

Many people probably think that these reports are put out by the Public Relations department of the Post Office, the idea being to stress the long-term infallibility and unswerving rectitude of the service, rather than its celerity; for, in the catalogue of human virtues, mere hustle finds no place. How easy it would have been, some may think, to destroy those old letters and say

nothing about them. Instead they are handed over with that kind of apology which is really a display of pride, if not to the person addressed then to his rightful heir; and the moral is the one that Britons have ever been taught to cherish, namely that the mail always gets through. One has heard it suggested that even now letters and postcards are being laid down for discovery and delivery in 1984 and 2000.

The mere fact that more than half the reports of long-delayed letters will not bear sceptical investigation is not of major importance. In case anyone wishes to be bothered with the truth, that postcard which, supposedly, took fifty years to cover twenty miles was, almost certainly, delivered on the day after it was first posted. Look at the corners of the card, the Post Office will say, and you will see tell-tale discolorations indicating that it spent most of those fifty years in somebody's album. It was slipped back in the post in a spirit of mischief or experimentation, or perhaps through inadvertence, or even by the hand of a well-meaning person who found it lying about. The Post Office is a guileless body and would not dream of suggesting that such cards are occasionally posted by newspaper correspondents in search of linage.

The other thing that gives the game away is the presence of a second postmark. If a card addressed to a resident of Bedford bears a Dover postmark of 1910 and a Bedford postmark of 1961 it is a fair assumption that it was re-posted in Bedford in 1961, possibly by a child who had been rummaging among family treasures in the attic. According to the Post Office, the war-time salvage drive resulted in the "delayed delivery" of a number of postcards.

It is, perhaps, unfair that the Post Office should so often receive credit for miracles it has not performed, just as it is, perhaps, unfair to expect a sub-editor to look over-critically at an item of news for which he knows there is a steady popular demand. Sometimes a journalistic opportunity is missed; as when, two years ago, *The Times* reported that six postcards mailed twenty-eight years previously, from London, Oban and Nairn, had been delivered to a house at Edinburgh. This, one might have thought, would have inspired the Fourth Leader writer to speculate on the

odds against six postcards addressed to the same person all sticking, simultaneously, in letter-boxes in three places on the same day, to be discovered simultaneously twenty-eight years later. Not wishing to weaken his piece, he would dismiss from his mind the possibility that the six cards had all fallen into the same *oubliette* at Edinburgh General Post Office.

There was scope for another waggish leader, too, in 1931, when a card addressed to a Mr. Roeborough, care of the YMCA at Brighton, was delivered after a lapse of twenty-six years. The YMCA, whose conscientiousness is second only to that of the Post Office, said they had no record of Mr. Roeborough, but they would keep the card in case he called in to claim it. No doubt it is there to this day.

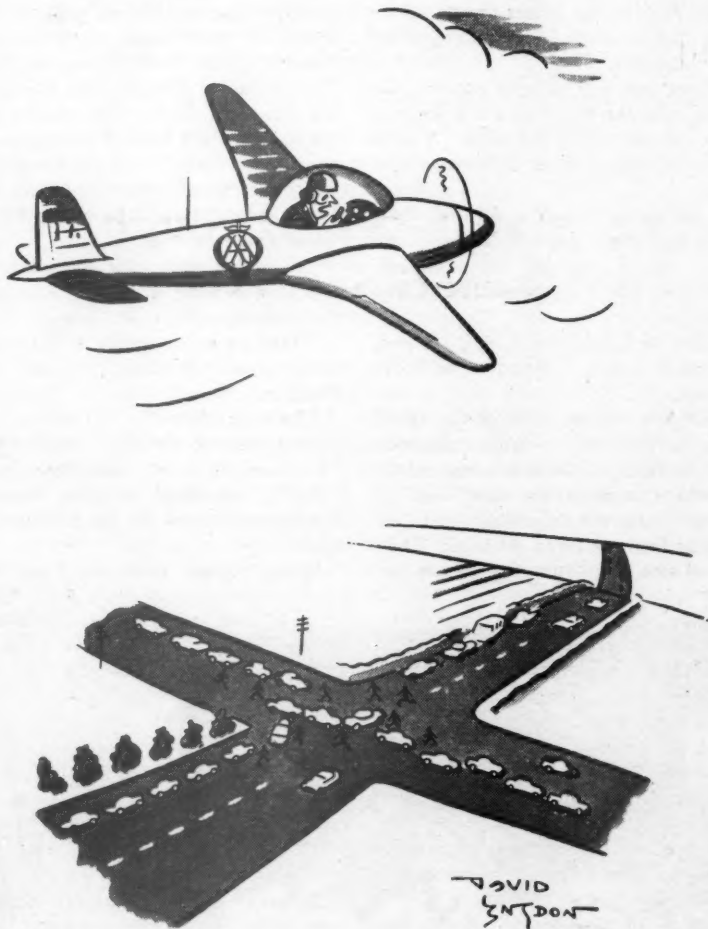
Do letters really stick in letter-boxes? Very occasionally, yes. As an example, in 1936 workmen removing an old wall letterbox at Bowes Park, London, found a batch of correspondence, dated twenty-five years earlier, which had slipped into a gap between box and wall. Sometimes a letter may fall into a crevice of a sorting coach or lie a long time in an unused sack. A ship recently sent to the breakers in South America was found to have a locked room containing war-time mail. It may be that if the Postmaster-General blew a very loud whistle and ordered "General Search," as the pools firms do from time to time when a client accuses them of losing his £250,000 entry, some interesting discoveries might be made under oilcloth, wallpaper or even vests; but a shake-out like this would prevent the slow maturing of letters destined for later generations and would be unpopular not only with the staff but with the public.

It is unusual for the recipient of a genuinely delayed letter to berate the Post Office for slackness; but in 1930 a reader of *The Times* complained that a postcard mailed by his young daughter from Torquay in 1904 had been delivered with a surcharge of one penny. Perhaps the Post Office had reason to suspect a practical joke and thought that one penny was not too severe a price to pay for it. Today it is definitely not the department's policy to charge excess postage on letters mailed in happier eras.

Sometimes the citizen has only himself to blame for a long postal delay. In 1950 workmen demolishing a house at Harrow found a letter containing a cheque for £38 stuck in the letter-box. It had been inserted in 1895 when the inside of the box was freshly varnished and had stuck there ever since. This is probably why, in the last decade, there has been a marked reluctance on the part of householders to varnish the insides of their letter-boxes.

One does not like to leave this subject without wondering what has happened to all those reports of letters being delivered in a damaged state with

pencilled apologies like "Regret pecked by birds." In 1946 *The Times* reported the delivery of correspondence inscribed "Eaten by snails in letter-box" (it described the envelopes as "dog-eared," which seemed hardly the most appropriate word), and was informed by many readers that this was a fairly normal hazard in parts of South Wales and the West Country. The snails of Horton, near Port Eynon, were said to make severe inroads on letters left in the box for twenty-four hours. It is sad to think that many letters destined for delivery to our great-grandchildren may have been lost already in this manner.



"Proceed at once to Map Reference 17B X 06 with a batch of membership forms."

# Dyspepsia at Government House

By RONALD KNOX-MAWER

*Eating the food of the country*

"BAKED yowl, fried in gung," said His Excellency. "I trust you like our native food?"

"Oh yes, sir," I growled, my teeth locked in the gung. It was my first visit to Government House.

"Can't understand Colonial Officers serving here in Africa who eat only eggs and chips," he snapped.

A sauce bowl was lowered past my ear. "Don't be afraid of it young man," called HE, as the bearer swamped my plate in green foam. "It's a local relish, very palatable."

There was a rattling at my side. It came from the throat of a fellow guest who had just tasted the relish. Kindly servants soon helped him from the table.

I bit savagely into a slice of yowl. "Settling down here?" inquired the ADC, as I clutched my napkin. "More or less," I replied through my tears.

"Try the salad," cried the Governor. "Tropical nettles," confided the ADC too late.

"English wives with their baked custards, they lost us India," declared His Excellency. "There's no colour bar where we all eat the same food."

The Governor signalled and six servants filed out on to the lawn. They carried trowels. "Just digging out the

earth ovens," he explained. The servants began work, engulfed in flame. Smoke filled the dining-room.

"Excellent," approved the Governor, "the meat will be well done."

"So delightfully British," remarked the American wife of a visiting bishop. The bishop choked discreetly into his handkerchief. "I just loved that yowl," said his wife, through the haze.

Outside, excavations were proceeding briskly. The six bearers padded back inside. They carried a tureen emblazoned with the royal coat of arms. There was a flash as the Governor uncovered the tureen. He beamed over the molten black flesh. "Now, you roll the meat into a ball with the thumb and forefinger thus." He demonstrated. We rolled our meat balls on the Wedgwood dinner service.

"There's jolly well no lack of vitamins in this, sir," said a visiting anthropologist, between spasms.

"That's why the people in these parts were never cannibals," replied His Excellency.

The native band on the terrace was playing selections from *Salad Days*. "Ever see the show?" asked the ADC. "No," I muttered, slipping another lump of yowl upon the ledge under the table.

"Have a glass of root cup," said His

Excellency. "I'll stick to the solids if you don't mind, sir," I demurred, stabbing another forkful of grey sludge.

"I suppose one gets to like these exotic dishes," I murmured to my neighbour, the District Commissioner. "Never," he sighed, in silent mastication, "but I don't want to lose my job."

"A remarkable fruit," proclaimed the Governor, as we began the dessert. "Just eat the pips, leave the rest," he warned, "it's poisonous. You'll find the pips simply delicious, but do first scrape them clean." We got through the fruit with only one casualty, a bearded Sikh at the end of the table, who proved a careless scraper.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, the Queen," boomed the Governor, above the sound of my hiccups. He took me by surprise. I was hunched over my finger-bowl, drinking water from the wrong side. "Such a cute way to drink the loyal toast," cried the bishop's wife admiringly.

The ladies hurried away. "Gather round, gentlemen," commanded the Governor. We formed a flatulent circle about him. "Did you know the natives here smoke their own version of the hookah?" he said with pride. His Excellency indicated a pile of bladders

## Spring Offensive



"You know damned well you always over-do it at the beginning."



and bamboo-piping at his feet. The bladders gurgled sullenly. "Don't inhale too much," he cautioned, passing the mouthpiece to the bishop. "Very fragrant," gasped the bishop, ashen faced.

By now the meat balls concealed up my sleeve were causing discomfort. I lifted a furtive arm, and tried shaking them down my shirt. "Not feeling too fit?" inquired the District Commissioner. He slipped me a fistful of pills under the tablecloth. "Livingstone Rousers," he advised, "vegetable pills. I never go on safari without 'em."

A dusky choir began to sing for us under the candelabra. The Governor unstopped a decanter. "Try our mangrove brandy," he urged, savouring the bouquet. "They brew it in the swamp, you know." We held back, appalled by its malicious orange colour. The Governor drank steadily. At last he spoke. "Shall we join the ladies?" he said.

We helped each other on to the terrace. I searched Government House for an empty bathroom but all nine were occupied. When I returned the stronger guests had begun to leave. The Governor shook my hand. "Just a minute, young man," he said, while a bearer stowed a covered basket in the boot of my car. "HE never sends a new officer away without a little gift," whispered the ADC. "What's in it?" I asked, deeply touched. "Only two dozen yowl and a bag of gung," smiled the ADC as I ricocheted away.



"Anyway, it's a start"

## A Ballade of Prognosticated Tranquillity

*It is suggested that this year Soccer should continue throughout the cricket season*

COME, MADDING CROWDS, foam madder yet:

Charge, charge the barriers by platoons—

Blow Boy Scout bugles, burst bassoons:

What's life without the fever-fret?

Did I not once see Hendren (plain)

In a gold light that was all June's?

The temples of my gods remain:

Sweet Lord's shall lull my afternoons.

The paths of Quiet are beset

By zombies, zanies and buffoons:

The dieselled air with clangour swoons,  
Noise knows no hindrance, owns no let.

My nerves can stand one extra strain:

Fans, dance your dervish rigadoons

And yell until your tonsils sprain:

Sweet Lord's shall lull my afternoons.

What if the afternoon be wet?

I'll strum the lute—or read Camoens—

Spread strawberry jam on macaroons—

Pour brandy on a crêpe Suzette—

Invent an electronic brain—

Play solitaire, or count the spoons.

When London's finished with the rain

Sweet Lord's shall lull my afternoons.

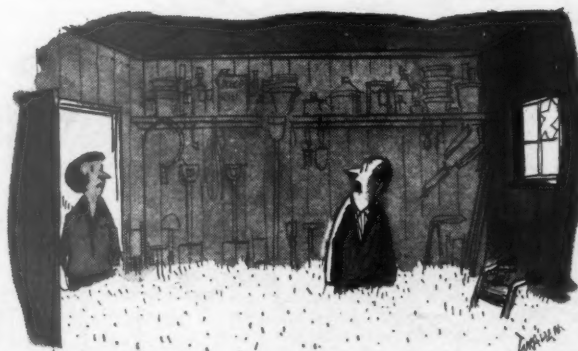
Prince, can you be completely sane?

What? Join that howling mob of goons

To spur on 'Spurs at White Hart Lane?

Sweet Lord's shall lull my afternoons.

— R. C. SCRIVEN.



"It's in here as well!"

# Palefaces and Personnel

By R. G. G. PRICE

*What's wrong with Westerns*

SOCIOLOGISTS faced with the problem of explaining the eternal popularity of Westerns generally say they dramatize the conflict of Good and Evil and hurry off to more rewarding subjects, such as whether girls like to live near their grannies. My theory is that Westerns represent an escape from sociologists. Urban Man likes to dream that he is in a world free from social investigation and human engineering and labour-saving and time-and-motion study. He gets plenty of job analysis in his work; what he likes to relax with is courage and inefficiency.

Out West there are never any technological improvements. Every lynching involves a good deal of running to and fro and the simple physics of the pulley; you never see a mechanically minded lyncher fixin' an electric chair worked by water-power or by a buffalo-driven dynamo. The gas chamber is unknown, though surely the school teacher, at least, must know some elementary chemistry.

Even the technology available is deprived of maximum effectiveness by the mode of operation. Take the gun.

The rattle of gunfire is nearly always the sound of waste. It is simply not true west of the Mississippi that every bullet has its billet. The hit-miss ratio may have been pleasing to armament manufacturers; but it was one reason why the frontier stayed long enough in one place for men to grow grey on it.

To the statistician the Injuns are more satisfactory. Their arrows can be used again and again and, unlike bullets, they rarely land more than six inches from the target. The sudden sideways movement of the paleface as an arrow sticks in the solid rock by his ear must create a toll on nerve and muscle with definite military advantages to the archer. The gun, on the other hand, is often no more than a wasteful means of self-expression, nearer a hooter than a shooter.

Efficiency in unarmed combat is equally low. Any of the experts who are called in to ensure that money wasted is wasted in the office rather than on the factory floor would fault the low incapacity-rate in bar-room brawls. When a tough hombre can be hit over the head with three separate bottles,



hacked with a heavily metalled boot and battered with a table covered with silver dollars, whisky and poker hands and, the moment after, bounce when he is thrown through swing doors, something is gravely wrong with technique. Perhaps part of the trouble is the low specific gravity of bar-room furniture, much of it, one cannot help suspecting, made of balsa wood. Indeed, most of the furniture out west is of sub-standard design. The type of rocking-chair used to keep watch with a rifle across the lap, and still more the type of hard chair tilted back and treated as a rocking-chair manqué, is ill-fitted to relaxing tensions while avoiding somnolence. Surely the back should be metal and moulded to the spine; too little Western furniture is adjustable. The wearing of rifles across the abdomen might well lead to abdominal deformation. An automatic rifle-holder would be better.

In most Westerns the emphasis is on transport—transport of weapons, weapon-operatives, scouts, guitars, lariats, bullion, etc. The most usual means of transport is the horse. Any time-and-motion consultant would concentrate on getting the highest weight-by-distance per feed-ton index. "Not an erg must be wasted," he would tell his clients. Out West there is conspicuous consumption of ergs. Every time a rider makes for a target he





*Backbank*

☆

gallops full tilt past it and then reins up and swerves round. For much of the average film the horses' heads are not going the same way as the horse. As well as this lateral wastage, wastage occurring along the axis of the journey, there is vertical wastage. This occurs in display-situations where the horse rears upwards. Watching such prodigality must be peculiarly pleasing to viewers who suffer at work from men lurking behind piles of crates with stopwatches. Nor, I cannot help feeling, would the well-trained expert approve of trying to bring civilization to the frontier in wagons whose wheels turn backwards.

The next commonest form of transport power is the human body, whether plodding along a trail or crawling on the belly with one hand shading the eyes. Posture is generally bad and, in the case of some of the more gnarled and experienced inhabitants, almost nonexistent. One seriously neglected aspect of time-and-motion study is the differential pace of Good Men and Bad Men. The no-good sons of mad dog land-grabbers and the no-good brothers of jailed trigger-men swagger into town with animal vitality. Persons intent on shooting up a burg swing into the saddle and are off in an instant. Bad Injuns fairly flash round corners. Compare this litheness and speed of reaction

with the dreamy movements of the average Sheriff. Gary Cooper, still perhaps the archetypal Good Man, may be quick on the draw but he is mad-deningly deliberate in everything else. See him pacing along the street, face large and puzzled and both thumbs on his integrity, and it becomes obvious why the rule of law took so long to move from Washington to the Rockies.

Sometimes the Sheriff is slowed down by seeing good in everybody and needing to be convinced that he is facing black-hearted snakes who will stick at nothing. Sometimes he just can't bring himself to mount his horse. He stands beside it grinning up into the sunlight and exchanging looks with the heroine, a sheer waste as on the whole heroines are not taken from the pick of American beauties. It seems likely that in some areas Sheriffs are chosen because they are the quiet, reflective type rather than the sort of man who is on a horse and firing the moment a law has been infringed. Sheriff-selection methods would undoubtedly evoke criticism from the more alert personnel managers.

There are innumerable other points at which the Western provides food for the escapist from the psychologist-dominated, statistician-categorized, sociologist-chivied city. To take a final problem: why are there never any classes in smoke-signal recognition?

"Lord Gladwyn has been widely discussed as a possible candidate. He was highly successful as British representative at the United Nations before he became Ambassador in Paris, and he is thought to have the right temperament and energy for the job, although he is said to be somewhat unenthusiastic, said to be somewhat enthusiastic at the moment.—*Sunday Times*.

Correction noted.





"Put 'em on. Take 'em off. Put 'em on . . ."

## Magazine Story

The Editor,  
British Wolfram Gazette,  
Crumb, Tring and Palliasse, Ltd.,  
Birmingham, 23.

**D**EAR SIR,—I think you would like to know that the arrival of your House Magazine makes the most exciting day of my month, and I must thank you for continuing to send it ever since my firm and yours had that correspondence about tungsten some years ago, though in fact I have been left there some time and have on several occasions asked you not to bother to

send the magazine, but you won't hear of it!

On the day I expect the *British Wolfram Gazette* I almost lie in wait for the postman, and that lovely tight, gaily-labelled, brown paper tube as it pokes tantalizingly through the letter-box. I have all my regular equipment for opening it laid out ready, though there is no telling but that I shan't need a few extra tools, such as crochet-hooks, broken-off kitchen knives and the like. But I begin with a leisurely inspection of the wrapping, trying to spot a way in.

The delay only adds to the enjoyment when I get started.

I think it was your last month's that was very easy to spot where the outer wrapping-paper going round for the second time had a small air-bubble under the edge just before it went under the label, and I got my wife's sewing scissors in there without undue difficulty and slipped them along. But, my word! you use quality gum on that wrapping, and believe it or not I still had to start at the other end with a steel skewer, though leaving the scissors in

position in the hope of being able to work from both ends.

I have to go to great pains keeping my wife's hands off the tube when in a partially opened state, as she is not only a somewhat impatient woman but houseproud into the bargain. So when she sees me with the as yet unopened *British Wolfram Gazette* and numerous flaps, corners and edges of torn brown paper exposed she is apt to lay hold of one and give it a rip, and bang goes half your coloured cover and thrown in the stove with the wrapping. My wife says the record number of bits torn off by me in the early stages and dropped about the floor, with ultimate success still eluding me, is thirty-eight, but I have not time to count, as this is not important to me. I sometimes think that getting at your magazine is akin to cracking a code, as it is a mystery to me what system is followed to get so many of the individual pages somehow interleaved with the wrapping paper.

I have only once employed my teeth, opening one of your gazettes, and that was in the September issue of two years ago, being a bumper number as far as wrapping was concerned. It certainly was a little masterpiece. I luckily made a note of my methods at the time.

I commenced by gripping the tube firmly between my knees and picking rapidly with the fingernails at first one end then the other, sparring for an opening. No luck here, beyond a confetti effect on the lino, the interleaving being something fierce, and the ends of the wrapping slightly tucked in as if hammered. I therefore selected one of the more outer surfaces and between it and the adjoining one (proving later to be a portrait of your Sales Director, badly cut about the face and neck) I drove longitudinally a stout nail-file, hoping to exert leverage and so burst open the package, a manoeuvre proving void owing to the file snapping off under pressure and the exposed portion still up there in the bowl light-fitting: I had, however, effected an easement, and was then able to drive in the thin end of our kitchen clinker-poker, which under leverage split off a two-inch portion of brown paper; this I pulled away cautiously in spiral formation and thought all was going well until I saw spirals of the printed word, with illustrations of your Small Heath refinery, pulling away too. As the

whole thrill of your gazette, for me, is getting it out whole, as with a Brazil nut, I was somewhat downcast at this juncture, but decided to save all possible by recommencing my attack from the other end. This I approached by systematic strip down-tearing, leading to a Jerusalem artichoke effect after some eight or ten minutes, and enabling access by screwdriver (the other instruments used to date remaining *in situ*). Had I contented myself with this small advantage, and levered on the screwdriver at this point, some success might have been achieved; unfortunately, losing my head, I hammered the screwdriver too far down the tube, so that its end was held firm under roughly the centre of your extremely strong label. What I had then, at this point, was a partially damaged cylinder with three tools protruding, and all useless, and victory no nearer. I therefore set about the task of removing the main stumbling-block, viz., the label, by means of steam. It was the work of a moment to have the kettle on the gas, and as the edges of the label yielded bit

by bit I got at them with such useful items from the cutlery box as potato-peelers, carrot-scrappers, etc., and removed the fragments piecemeal, when they floated about in the air and lit in the frying-pan and other utensils until all was removed. Jiggling the screwdriver see-saw fashion I was then able to burst it through the wrapping, tear away all remaining obstacles—and lo! the gazette was revealed in all its glory, except for a bit of wrapping at the top end where the stub of the broken file was stiffening its resistance. It was then, sir, that I took my teeth to it and finally finished the job. Unfortunately, in turning to call my wife with the good news, I laid the exposed magazine on the gas-ring and it caught fire.

Not that that mattered too much. I expect you have some very good material in the *British Wolfram Gazette*, from what bits I have seen. But reading it is not where I get my fun. Thanking you once more for twelve wonderful mornings every year.

Yours, etc.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

## THEN AS NOW

Hon. Treasurer (at  
the end of game).  
"NOW I WONDER  
WHAT SILLY ASS DID  
THAT!"



March 27, 1912

# ENCYCLOPÆDICS EPONYMOUS

*Our language is enriched with the names of men who have invented, popularized or somehow been responsible for the things that are now called after them. There are wellingtons, raglans, sandwiches, gladstone bags, and so on littered across any good dictionary. But the men of to-day do not seem to be contributing their quota.*

## A

**AMIS** (ay'mis) n. A very large beer-tankard, decorated with coarse engravings usually of scenes from university life and often of an erotic nature.



*An early amis*

## B

**BEAVERBROOK** (bee'vebrook) n. A self-correcting printing-press, so programmed as to refuse to print any matter that might conceivably be obnoxious to its owner. Most models are capable of extremely remote control.

**BECKETT** (be'ket) n. A dustbin large enough to hold a human body. Usually found in pairs. To *beckett* v. int.: To live in squalor, as if in a dustbin.

**BEHAN'S** (beenz) n. gen.: sing.: Found only in phrase "full of behan's," i.e., elated.

**BETJEMAN** (betj'eman) n. One who prefers the tastes of a century ago to those of his own day; laudator temporis acti; pl: betjemen. To *betch* v. trans:



*Advanced stages of the bevins*

and int: to yearn for or admire something belonging to the past, e.g., "I betch for my lost youth"; "They betch the early de Sica films."

**BEVINS, THE** (bev'inz) n. A condition of the feet and ankles caused by standing in queues, particularly in post offices. Cases of the bevins had occurred prior to the appointment of Mr. J. R. Bevins as Postmaster-General, but it was during his term of office that increased queueing for football pools postal orders brought the disease to the serious attention of the medical profession.

**BOND** n. An instrument of torture. cf. *Flem*.

**BOOTHBY** (boo'thbi) n. A very wide bow tie that would look flamboyant on any but a fairly wide boy.

## C

**CALLAS** (kal'as) n. Temper, temperament, uncontrollable behaviour, usually with definite article, as in phrase "a fit of the callas."

**CASTRO** (kas'troe) n. Any small irritant on a larger body, esp. if accompanied by a prolonged buzzing noise, e.g., a mosquito and a street drill can both be described as castros.

**CHRISTIE** (kris'ti) n. A patent everlasting mousetrap.

**COTTON** (cott'en) v. Only in phrase "to cotton on to," i.e., to acquire property on a large scale. cf. *King*.

**COUSINS** (kuz'inz) n. pl. Stout walking-shoes suitable for wear in protest marches. More usual in metaphorical phrase "To put on one's cousins," i.e., to prepare to walk roughshod over opposition; also "To hang up one's cousins," to concede an argument (rare).

## F

**FISHER** (fish'er) n. Unexpected reconciliation between parties hitherto



*A pair of cousins*

thought irreconcilable, esp: on ideological grounds. Much used in employer-employee relations, e.g., "No hope of a fisher, I suppose?"

**FLEM** v. int. To display knowledge, esp: of a man-of-the-worldly nature. Rare except in pres: part:, e.g., "There was a much-travelled man at the party who bored us all by fleming away about Istanbul." cf. *Bond*.

## G

**GAULLE** (gole) n. Self-confidence, conceit, high esteem of one's own worth and abilities, belief that the fate of nations hinges upon oneself, incipient megalomania, etc., esp: in phrase "I like your gaulle." (Derog:)

**GRAHAME-WHITE** (gray'emwite) n. A shade of colour, a mottled greyish white, said to tinge the complexions of persons about to make their first flight by aircraft. Not to be confused with *graham-green*, confined to sea-passages (both joc:).

**GRANT** n. Amiability, charm, esp: of a male for the opposite sex, often implying artificiality, e.g., "He could see I was furious, so he tried turning on the grant." Sometimes called *cary*.

## H

**HAILSHAM** (hayl'shem) n. A small hand-bell, as used for summoning school-children in from play.



*A hailsham in use*



**HAMMARSKJÖLD** (ham'eskoled, ham'esholed, and many minor variants) n. An authoritative gesture unbacked by any implementing force., e.g., an old lady warning a gang fighting with razors that she will chastise them unless they stop may be said to be "trying a hammarskjöld."

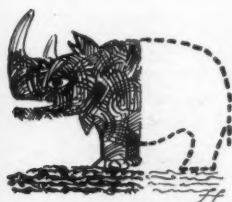
**HARRIMAN** (har'emen) n. A wheeled flight of steps with red carpet attached, used by statesmen alighting from aeroplanes. Rare in US, where the device is called a **macmillan**.

**HEDDA-HOPPER** (hed'ehoppe) n. Gossip, chit-chat, often of a malicious character (derog.).

**HICKEY** (hikk'i) n. Only used in phrase "to take the hickey," i.e., to praise an object or person in such a way as to put him or it in the worst possible light.

**HOBSON'S CHOICE** n. Any play translated from the French.

**HOME** (hume) n. The front half of a rhinoceros.



A home (greatly reduced)

# I

**IKE** n. An elaborate golf-bag, equipped with tape-recorder, short-range wireless set, etc., usually carried by a third party.

# K

**KENNEDY** (kan'di) n. A relation, esp: in phrase "one's kith and kennedies," i.e., one's whole family. Sometimes used to cover everyone who is worth knowing (in the speaker's opinion).



A primitive munnings



Old English randolph

**KING** v. Only in phrase "to king it," i.e., to display an acquisitive nature. cf. **Cotton**.

# L

**LEWISHAM** (loo'ishem) n. A lady's trunk capable of holding six changes of clothing without crushing them. Much used by philanthropists who need to travel with that amount of clothing in order to appear suitably dressed for any errand of mercy they may feel called on to perform.

**LOVELL** (luv'el) v. int. To attempt to communicate with someone, esp: at a distance, without success, e.g., "I've been lovelling you for hours but your 'phone was out of order."

# M

**MARPLES** (marp'els) n. A delay on road or rail as a result of traffic congestion, e.g., "Fearful marples outside Guildford this morning."

**MONTY** (mon'ti) n. Any unauthorized ornament attached to, or requisite component omitted from, military or other officially prescribed dress or uniform. An umbrella carried by the officer in command of a ceremonial parade would be a monty.

**MOSES** (moz'ez) n. pl. Christmas or any other greetings cards. Those designed in an attractive primitive style are called **grandma moses**.

**MOSS** v. trans. To wear or display borrowed or hired property (orig: clothing of a formal nature) as if it were one's own, e.g., "My people used to moss a limousine for speech days." Also adj., e.g., "He's nearly bald, but he wears moss hair."

**MUNNINGS** (mun'ingz) n. The fresh sweepings of a racing stable; more usually a picturesque wheelbarrow used for their conveyance. Hence to **munn** v. (metaph:) To disparage, as if by bespattering with munnings.

# O

**ONASSIS** (enass'es) n. Money. Almost always in cant phrase "Masses of onassis."

# R

**RANDOLPH** (ran'dolf) n. A mastiff of old English breed, noted for its impartial pugnacity.

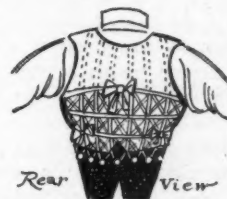


A leather russell

**RUSSELL** (rus'el) n. A light quilted cushion, with carrying-handle, originally used by demonstrators sitting on flagstones in protest against Governmental policies. Now any cushion available to relieve discomfort at a public entertainment.

# S

**SARGENT** (sar'jent) n. A design of white evening waistcoat involving a device to prevent it from rising above the trousers when the wearer's arms are raised above his head.



The mechanism of the sargent

# W

**WHICKER** (wikk'er) v. trans. To question persistently, esp: in a hectoring yet plaintive fashion.

**WHITTLE** (witt'el) v. int. To complain of loud noises, esp: those caused by jet aircraft. To **whittle away**, to complain frequently of such noises without success.

**WOLFENDEN** (wool'fenden) n. A body of documents, orig: those accumulated by a Royal Commission during the course of its inquiries, but now used of any pile of papers which have no immediate use but cannot yet be thrown away.



# Halcyon Is As Halcyon Does

by Claud Cockburn

*Were the "good old days" before  
1914 as good as they were painted?*

## 5—They had a Cold War Too

**L**ITTLE Orphan Annie, the poem says, kept the children in order by telling them "the goblins 'll get you if you don't watch out." People trudging through the Cold War hear the warning cries of Orphan Annies on all sides. What the Cold War Annies say is that whatever you feel like doing, such as shrugging it all off, complaining of rocket ranges, German troops in the High Street, and the credit squeeze, or even just thinking too hard, is not necessarily evil in itself, but becomes so because it may be bad for confident determination and so tend to let in the goblins.

The late Foster Dulles, a cautionary Annie if ever there was one, actually came to believe (as a result, it's said, of an over-intensive reading of Professor Toynbee), that a permanent Cold War with no let-ups was what the doctor really ought to order for every nation, just to keep it in moral trim.

In the gracious days before the first final collapse of civilization as we know it, Orphan Annie was even busier than now. For boast as we may of our own Cold War with its many novel features and up-to-the-minute gadgets, we must not despise the one they were having in, say, 1911 and 1912. Annie had her eye on everything—especially everything at all new—from the theatre, to the coalfields, to philosophy, to the motor-car, in case of developments, otherwise possibly innocuous, that might make things easier for the goblins. (Suppose motor-cars discouraged horses so much that they died out, what would become of the Army in the event of war?)

The Society of West End Theatre Managers was nagged

by the same anxious thoughts. There had been an agitation for the abolition or modification of dramatic censorship by the Lord Chamberlain. In other circumstances, of course, when things had quieted down, something of the kind might be contemplated. But for heaven's sake not now, when unbridled, absolutely unhelpful utterances by new dramatists might have the gravest international repercussions, or else shock and corrupt people who ought to be at the top of their moral form in case of goblin onslaught.

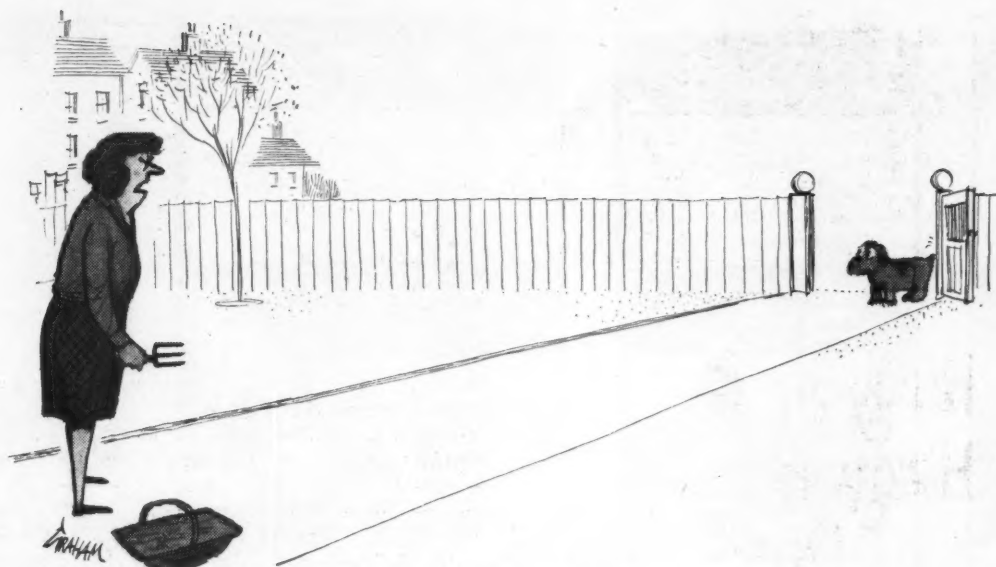
In a petition to the King signed early in 1912 by Sir Herbert Tree, Sir George Alexander and Sir Gerald du Maurier, the petitioners "protest against the suggestion that the production of plays has been hampered or checked by the methods of the Censor or the Office of the Lord Chamberlain. They submit that as regards the State it is essential that plays dealing with political questions, either at home or abroad, should be submitted for license before producing. The public are entitled to be protected from the performance of blasphemous or immoral plays." (The longest runs of the previous year had been those of *The Chocolate Soldier*, *The Quaker Girl*, *Nobody's Daughter*, *Inconstant George* and *Baby Mine*, in that order. Seventh in box-office appeal was *Fanny's First Play*, with which Shaw nosed just ahead of *Kismet* and *The Butterfly on the Wheel*.)

Rather worrying, too, for Annie was a phenomenon such as the sudden popularity and prestige attained in England in 1910 and after by translations of the philosophical works of Henri Bergson. Not, Annie would probably agree, that there was much really wrong with Bergson—not pro-German or anything like that. But all this talk of irrationalism, and continuous flow, and the *élan vital*, and so on had a wishy-washy yet subtly corrosive air. Not, in any case, the bracer thinking people ought to be getting at a time like that. Cynicism was, indeed, rife. Lord Balfour's strictly philosophical observation to the effect that "nothing matters much and very little matters at all" was vulgarized by the thoughtless into an excuse for not bothering even about the goblins. And though cynicism, it seems, is almost always rife, in a Cold War it must engage the anxious attention of Annie.

The cost of living had risen by 20 per cent in ten years. So that if only things had been what is often and so pathetically termed "normal," only the most pig-headed and avaricious could have been entirely out of sympathy with the rush of



"Why can't you be sport-mad like other husbands?"



"You've been rolling in something!"

wage-demands from the principal industries. But, as had to be explained to the workers concerned, things were most unfortunately very far from "normal." Just looking at the industrialists with their champagne and cigars, noting the "unprecedented and fantastic" prices being paid for pictures and antiques at London auctions, a worker might be led to suppose that there was "a lot of money about." An illusion, of course. Some industries might appear superficially prosperous, but it could be demonstrated that Britain's share of world trade had fallen from about 20 per cent in 1900 to about 14 per cent in 1912, and was still going down. This would have been bad anyway. But now it was happening in the middle of the Cold War. That was the sinister backdrop against which every change in everything must be seen, and the reason, above all, why it was so fatal, just at the present time, for the industrial workers to rock the communal boat.

Annie never spoke more gravely than through the medium of the chief leader-writer of *The Times* in early April, 1912:

"After the warning we have received in the coal strike, the relations between Capital and Labour ought to command the immediate care of the Government and Legislature. We shudder when we reflect what might be the results of a similar domestic crisis in certain quite possible conditions of foreign affairs . . . Foreign complications of a grave kind might easily have coincided with the paralysis of national energies and of national counsels caused by the strike. Other disturbances of the same kind will in future be carefully watched in other countries and may very well become the cause of danger . . . It is but moderately reassuring to remember that there is labour discontent and unrest in other countries as well as our own . . . we have also to remember that there the Executive possesses strength and capacity for independent initiative much greater than with us."

That the spectacle of proletarian upheaval anywhere should at any time have appeared to *The Times* as even "moderately reassuring" is momentarily jolting, and was quite a gift to the goblin Germans who could claim that the British were only

waiting for a big strike in the Ruhr to launch the military forces of the Triple Entente against Germany—which was just the kind of thing *The Times* thought the Germans might do if Britain had another big strike.

More familiar is the half-swallowed sigh of regret at the democratic weakness of the Executive branch of Government in Britain compared to the power wielded by Kaiser Wilhelm II. Many people, either eagerly or reluctantly, entertained the notion that the only way to beat Prussia and its hateful Prussianism was to Prussianize ourselves to the maximum feasible extent. In moments of despondency, Cold War Annie feels inclined to tell the children that they can defeat the goblin menace only by adopting as many as possible of the nastiest manners and customs of the goblins.

NOTE:—Readers desiring further data relative to the serenity of Those Halcyon Days are advised to consult documents relative to the sinking of the Titanic, the fiasco of the Oxford-Cambridge boat-race in the same year, one boat waterlogged, the other sinking altogether, and the history of the first British rigid dirigible *Mayfly* (Britain's answer to the Zeppelin), ordered 1908, construction begun 1909, broke in half on trials 1911. Articles on the crisis in the Empire and the crisis in Religion are profusely available. In the *English Review* of April, 1912, is an article dealing with The Crisis in London Journalism.

## THE END



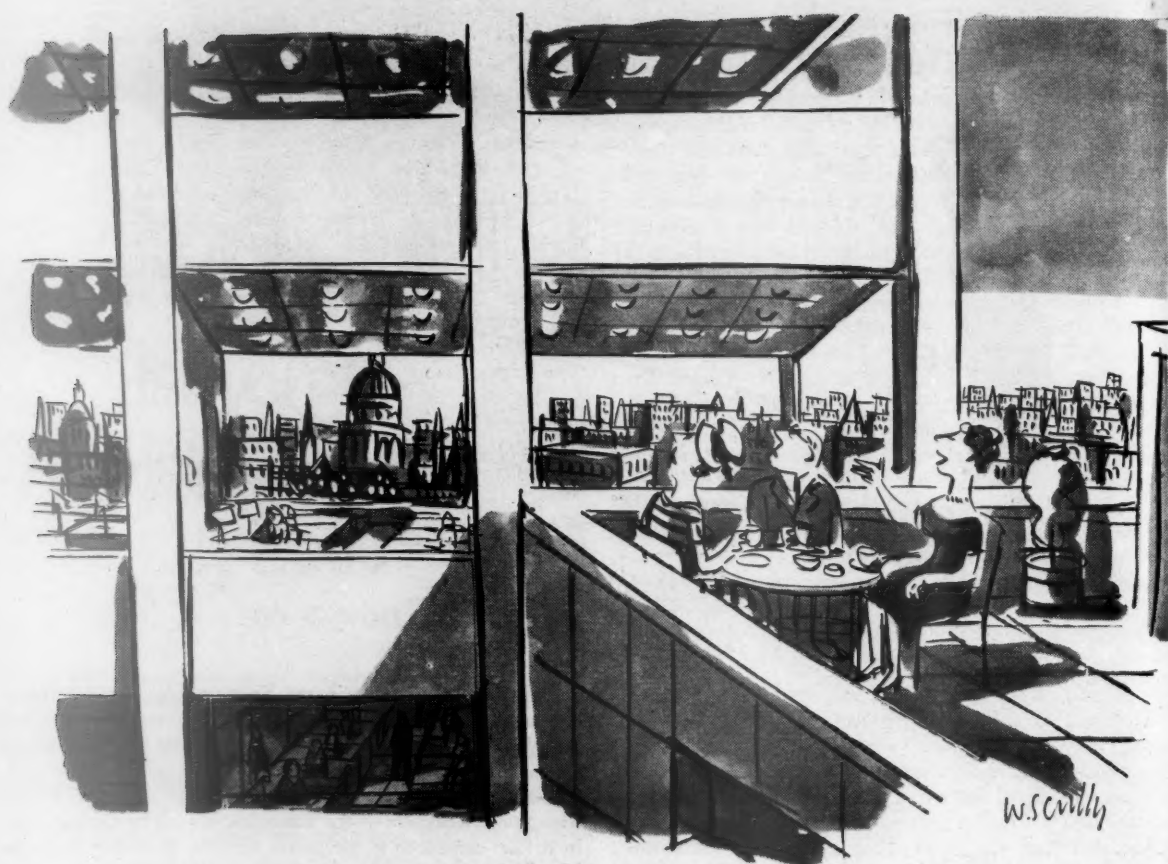
"Small classes in the infants' schools are essential. So are reasonable surroundings!"

There must be more stationary equipment available, too. Then there are the teachers. Many infants' teachers are women with a strong sense of vacation. Otherwise, they would have left teaching years ago."

*The Lancashire Evening Post*

Don't quite follow, sorry.





"Luckily we've not lost our skyline."

## Spring Yet. Again

By ANTHONY LEJEUNE

DEAR BISHOP,

I write to you for guidance, being greatly exercised over a situation which has arisen. It came to the vicarage door, if I may so express it, in the form of two pleasant young people, a Mr. Sharp and a Miss Good. They were friends, they said, of a former parishioner, Mr. Albert Haddock. This should perhaps have warned me. Personally I used to find Mr. Haddock a stimulating companion but some of the worthiest of our church workers complained that he "put ideas into people's heads." However, I digress.

Mr. Sharp and Miss Good intend to be married. They are both of age and

Miss Good has established a residential qualification in this parish. A short conversation satisfied me that they are fully—more fully, indeed, than most young people nowadays—aware of the obligations and sacred nature of matrimony. I told them I should be delighted to perform the ceremony.

They thanked me, and then Mr. Sharp said: "Oh, one thing, Vicar. I should warn you that we don't intend to sign the register."

I was taken aback. "But you must," I said, "if you want to be legally married. And it's quite painless," I added, making a little joke.

"Legally married is just what we

don't want to be," he replied. "That would be far from painless. I earn about £3,000 a year and my fiancée has an income of £2,000. At the moment we pay around £1,500 a year income tax between us. The moment we marry, our two incomes will be aggregated and we shall become liable to pay about £2,000. In other words, it will cost us £500 a year if we sign that register.

"That means a loss of at least £10,000 in twenty years, enough to educate our sons or endow our daughters. And if our incomes increase, our loss will be so much the greater. We want to be married, Vicar, properly tied in

holy matrimony, but I don't see why we should pay the Government a sizeable fortune for the privilege."

"But your children," I protested. "If you weren't legally married, they would be illegitimate."

"I don't know about you," he said, "but I'd gladly be a bastard for £10,000. Not that they will be. We shall adopt them, of course. There's never any trouble about adoption by the natural parents."

Miss Good leaned forward eagerly. "And they wouldn't be born of an illicit union, would they? You can't say we wouldn't be properly married if we were married in the sight of God but not of Somerset House, can you?"

And really I couldn't, could I? All I did think of to say, and I fear it may have been a selfish apprehension, was: "But the scandal! The newspapers would be sure to hear of it."

"We want a scandal," replied Mr. Sharp firmly. "We're not doing this just for ourselves. We want the example to spread. We want to get rid of an unjust and unchristian tax law."

"We shall light such a scandal in England," murmured Miss Good, "as I trust shall never be put out."

This deplorable jest strengthened me to fight back. "Far from being unchristian," I said, "this law you object to is based on the doctrine that man and wife are one flesh and therefore have one income."

"Is that so?" replied Mr. Sharp, a trifle rudely. "And does this doctrine save a widow from paying death duties on her husband's estate? Does it even make railway tickets transferable between husband and wife? It does not. The state merely exploits the doctrine for its own avaricious ends."

There was a silence while I racked my mind. Then the answer came to me. I sat back, smiled, and I fancy I put the tips of my fingers together.

"My dear young people," I said, "it won't work. The signing of the register, I'm sure you'll find, isn't essential at all: it's only evidence of a legal marriage. Whether or not you're married in the sight of Somerset House, you'll certainly be married in the sight of the Inland Revenue."

Mr. Sharp frowned. "Yes," he said, "yes, I wondered about that. It doesn't matter except that now we must ask you for more active co-operation."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Signing the register may not be indispensable to a legally valid marriage but I know something that is. I looked it up. A Church of England marriage must be solemnized in a parish church, a public chapel, a superintendent registrar's office or a building registered for the solemnization of marriages—except by special licence, of course, which we haven't got.

"Now, Vicar, what about that very agreeable ivy-covered chapel at the school down the road. You're the chaplain there, I know. It's not a public chapel, is it?"

"No," I admitted.

"And it's not registered for the solemnization of marriages?"

I shook my head.

"But it is consecrated?"

I nodded.

"Excellent. We can carry on as planned. You must marry us in the school chapel, a building recognized by God but not by the Government. It's

your duty, Vicar. You must help us fight against a law which discourages matrimony and puts a premium on immoral living. We shall be showing that it pays to get married in church. You represent the Church, not the Treasury, don't you, Vicar?"

And, of course, I do. I suppose. Don't I? You must advise me, Bishop. I am much perplexed.

Your obedient servant,  
CLEMENT FULLALOVE.

☆

"TALKING POINT  
Amusement is the happiness  
of those that cannot think.

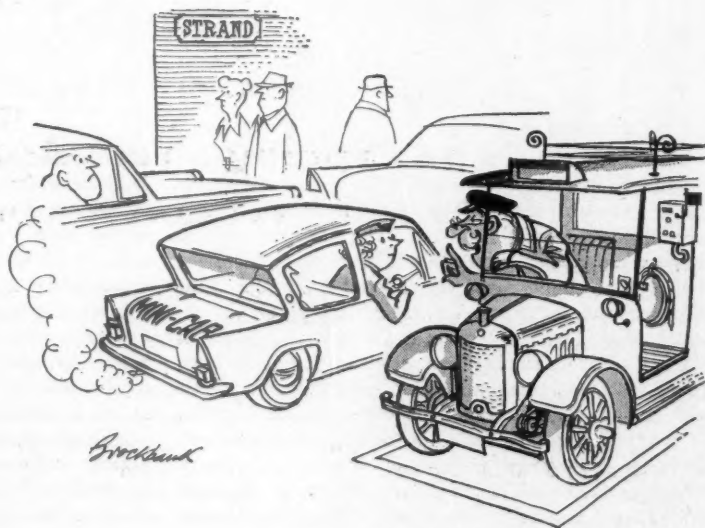
Pope

For Your  
AMUSEMENT GUIDE  
turn to Page 11."

Daily Express

Not now.

## The Cab War-2



"Waterloo Station, Missie? Up Charing Cross Road till you come to Goodge Street Underground, cut left through the back streets on to Euston Road and up to Regent's Park. Turn right just before the Zoo, where the animals live, and straight on..."



*"If it wasn't for these damn atomic submarines we could be using dynamite."*

## Valencia!

By A. H. BARTON

IT was eleven o'clock at night in Valencia. Purbright climbed on to a temporary stand in the centre of a square facing a church. He sat down in the front row, his feet on the rim below a wooden hand-rail. The stand creaked and groaned, especially when people moved about, and Purbright felt the fear of an Anglo-Saxon surrendered to an artifact not of Anglo-Saxon manufacture. As in the gallery of a theatre the rows behind him were higher; the stand seemed to lean forward as it creaked, so that he also felt as though he were in the driving seat of a camel minded to kneel forwards. From the right, into the square between stand and church, marched a brass band, playing "Valencia," a tune Purbright had not thought of for many years. By him an old lady sat, a heavy stick beside her. She spoke to him and became an English-woman: "There are sixty-two bands still to come, and several years' experience of this mid-Lenten festival tells me that these later bands will also play 'Valencia' as they reach the Square. I hope you will not allow this to make you fidget about."

Each band came from a particular district. Immediately behind each band ambled very small girls dressed in long rich dresses, almost crinolines, and red and gold sashes; on

their heads they wore tall golden combs to support white or black mantillas, and in their hands each child carried a bunch of flowers, generally carnations. Behind the small girls came bigger ones, similarly dressed, and behind them full-sized ones. Last of all, with two small train-bearers, came the Queen of the District, her bouquet a large one.

Following the Queen was the Float, a handcart propelled by men and built up to a dangerous height with a massive arrangement of flowers; and behind the float came the men of the district, in ill-fitting business suits, marching with haphazard self-consciousness.

This group, followed by the next, emerged from a narrow ancient street, decorated for all its procession-filled length by overhead lamps, thin golden lights, a web of filigree. The band marched on past Purbright and the old lady, and round the corner. The girls formed single file, mounted a rostrum, handed over their flowers, descended from the rostrum, and followed their band off round the corner. The men who took the flowers were building them into the framework of the skirt of a lady, some thirty feet high, who eventually would consist entirely of flowers. The float was parked to one side, with other floats, and by the time it was parked the men



in their business suits had gone by and the next band had arrived, playing "Valencia."

"I would not miss this," said Purbright. "I think it beautiful and strange. But we shall be here for another two hours and I can see myself reaching the stage at which I shall not mind if I never hear the tune 'Valencia' again."

"Perhaps I had better tell you a story to keep you out of mischief," the old lady said.

"That would be very kind."

"It is in my own interest," she said. "I find nothing more despicable than the grown man who allows himself to become bored; and this I can see that you will become if I do not prevent it. Fifty-five years ago my late husband, who was a public servant employed, now here and now there, about the fringes of the British Empire, was the head of a district very far North, in India or Burma (I forget which), on the outer edge of the Empire. The boundary was a brown sluggish river. Beyond the boundary the local ruler was a Mandarin; that I remember clearly: he was dignified, strange, cruel and dressed exactly as a European child used to suppose that a Chinaman dressed, with a pigtail on his back and his folded hands in his sleeves. He had several wives. I have had more than one husband in the course of my long life, but consecutively not concurrently; I often think I may have missed something."

The old lady paused as another band played "Valencia" under their noses; and Purbright, his mind back from the borders of an old Empire, gazed at yet another set of small girls and saw how sleepy they were after their long walk late at night and how their ambling was as much the ambling of weariness as that of childishness. Grown-ups, including police in grey, silver and red, guided them towards the rostrum to surrender their flowers. The old lady continued:

"On the southern or Empire side of the boundary river, where my husband represented the greater breeds within the law, there was our bungalow to the west and, a mile or two along the river to the east, the club-house with its Union Jack, card tables, bar and tennis courts. Every morning I used to ride a pony along the river as far as the club-house and then, turning inland in a circle, ride home again. Half-way between the bungalow and the club the river made a wide bend to the north. This bend in the river was the subject of political discussion between my husband, on behalf of the British Empire, and the Mandarin on behalf of himself; for I doubt if the Empress of China ever came into it. It was the Mandarin's contention that the rich lands enclosed by the bend belonged to him, since boundaries should be a straight line. The British Empire on the other hand took the view that a river, however it might meander, was a natural boundary. Once a fortnight my husband and the Mandarin used to meet to discuss the matter. Two hours would be spent in the drinking of tea and wine and in the exchange of mild pleasantries; and half an hour, very politely, on the matter in hand. After eight such meetings no progress whatever had been made, and my husband went off to the ninth meeting, irascible and pessimistic. He returned looking hopeful but puzzled. 'My dear,' he said—"

Purbright interrupted the old lady, if only to show that her story held his interest. "Did he not first toss his topee and fly-whisk into a far corner of the veranda and call for whisky? Was not the sun by then below the yard-arm?"

"It was damned cold in the evenings up there at the time of year of which I speak, my child," said the old lady. "We were in the living room of the bungalow, close to a large wood fire. And it's getting a little cool up on this stand now, don't you think?"

Purbright picked up his coat from the floor beside him. "Shall I wrap this round you?" he asked.

"Thank you," the old lady said. "Even at my great age little male attentions are heartening, like good manners in a small grandson."

"Just so long as you do not absent-mindedly blow my nose for me I shall be content," Purbright said, suddenly feeling his forty-five years. Below him, a policeman was blowing the nose of a very small girl; putting his handkerchief back in his pocket he gave her a little push towards the dais. "Valencia" came again, and passed, and the old lady continued her story:

"My husband did not drink anything that evening. His conferences with the Mandarin always included three cupfuls of a rice wine that left him impatient with his stomach for three days, one for each cupful. He sat down beside the fire and told me he had made progress. He explained that the Mandarin, half-way through his third cup of rice wine, had announced that on one condition he would forgo all claim to land to the south of the river. The Mandarin, removing one hand from the sleeve of his other arm, had made a slow gesture southwards to closed shutters beyond and below which was the disputed river bend.



"And no spaghetti, macaroni, ravioli, vermicelli, canelloni, cappelletti, tagliarini, rigatoni, farfallette, conchiglie, ziti, ditali, lasagne, pastina, mezzani, mastaccioli, tubettini . . ."



"I asked my husband what this one condition was. He said 'That you, my love'—he always called me his love; it was an exact description—'shall invite him to tea here in the bungalow. He did not tell me why he made this most unusual request, but I know why. Word has reached me, with Oriental indirectness. He is very curious about you.'

"Men are always curious about the wives of men of other races. You, for example—"

"He is particularly curious about you. He thinks you have three legs."

Purbright gazed down from the stand at the shy self-satisfied profile of the current beautiful Spanish Queen. He wondered what she was thinking about in Spanish: whether the train-bearers were trailing her train in the dust, perhaps? What there would be to eat when at last she got home that night? About a young man among the business suits behind the float behind her? "The Mandarin thought that you had three legs," he said. He stretched himself uneasily and the

stand shook. Behind him there was a bustle and a man and a woman arrived on the stand and made their way past Purbright and the old lady to where the Captain-General of Valencia kept medieval state, watchful, arrogant and precarious. The man and the woman were handsome, with the withdrawn doomed look of the very rich among the very poor. They were dressed in the highest fashion and the dark glasses that they wore so late at night made toys of them, petulant, almost endearing. As the man thrust past he put his right hand, with some weight, on the rail. The post supporting that section of the stand collapsed. Purbright and the old lady slid forwards on top of the man and woman, and all four dropped down to the ground below. Purbright and the old lady had the better of it, because the rich couple, falling first, protected them from the cobbles. Eight red-and-silver policemen, recognizing the couple as connected with the Captain-General, rushed forward to help them; and this left Purbright free to help the old lady to her feet.

"I need my stick, if you please," she said, her arm tightly through his. "Spanish carpenters have dropped in my estimation." Purbright looked urgently about him. Behind him was a semi-circle of policemen and before him a semi-circle of little girls so interested that they had forgotten they were in a procession. Purbright could see the stick nowhere. He looked up at the stand. Its occupants sat very still, terrified to move lest they started a further collapse. The Captain-General was issuing a series of orders to obsequious officials on the cobbles below him; the effort to refrain from forceful gesticulation was obviously a strain.

At last Purbright saw the stick. It had stayed up in the stand, caught in the angle of two broken timbers. He would be able to reach up to it. With one hand still supporting the old lady he reached up and gave the stick a tug. The stand quivered and there was a growl from the immobilized occupants. He gave another tug, the stick mercifully came free, and he gave it to its owner. A band passed, six feet away, playing "Valencia." Purbright kept his grip on the old lady's arm: "Did the Mandarin have tea with you?" he shouted.

She nodded. "Get me to a taxi," she said into his ear; and they moved off, making their way through the crowd of little girls.

"Why did he think you had three legs?" Purbright shouted, watching for a taxi.

The band was receding and the old lady walked steadily forward through the crowd until it was out of earshot and they were in the ancient narrow street with its filigree lights overhead. "I used to ride side-saddle," she then said. She smiled. Purbright saw and halted a taxi.



"Remember, your name's Euterpe and you're an expense wholly and exclusively incurred for the purpose of my vocation."



## Specialist Chap

THIS is the age of consultancy,  
And whatever it is you do,  
There is always an expert ready to come,  
Who on payment down of a suitable sum  
Will do it better than you.

I was always a hesitant sort of a chap,  
My faith in myself was small.  
I never was such as to make friends  
much  
Or influence people at all.  
So I went to consult a specialist chap  
Who was billed as K. Vankloot  
With a penetrant eye and a black bow-  
tie  
And an elegant pin-stripe suit.

He said that what had happened to me  
At a critical time when I was three  
Played havoc with all I did.  
He said that he found my libido clogged  
Because my ego had since been dogged  
By a highly recalcitrant id.  
But he thought that the thing had got  
to stop,  
And he put my ego right on top  
For a couple of hundred quid.

So then I entered the business world  
In the metal components trade,  
And the capital goods men rushed to  
buy  
The elegant things I made.  
But thanks to my confident line of talk  
I was soon beginning to find  
That my order-book had a gummed-up  
look,  
With production lagging behind.

So I wrote to consult a specialist chap,  
Who came at speed when I wrote  
In a brownish suit with a pocket-lens  
And a couple of coloured ball-point pens  
And a slide-rule stuck in the coat.  
The firm was small, but the fees were  
tall  
And Production Plus was the name;  
And his face was keen and his tie was  
green:  
But the chap seemed somehow the  
same.

However, he did as good as he said,  
And he stood the production side on  
its head,  
And before we knew we were out of the  
red  
He had us going to town  
With production up four hundred per  
cent  
For a mere four thousand down.

I reckoned the trouble was sorted-out,  
And it came as a bit of a shock  
When the margin of profit slowly  
declined  
And I added the whole thing up to  
find  
The sales performance fallen behind  
And the capital locked in stock.

So I went to consult a specialist chap  
Of a much more rarefied kind  
With hair cut low and a scarlet bow  
And a madly creative mind.  
He had Presentations Inc. in white  
On a bright red Regency door,

And his suit was grey, and his smile was  
gay,  
And he talked in a prissified kind of way:  
But I felt I'd met him before.

He seemed obsessed with a fiery zest,  
He said he lived for his art,  
That the race of men had groaned till  
then  
For the message he had to impart;  
And if I was ready to start in now,  
An appropriation of twenty thou.  
He thought might do for a start.

Then everybody knew my name  
And the orders came in stacks.  
The capital turned like a Catherine-  
wheel,  
And the profits rose like a startled teal,  
And my only trouble was tax.  
So I thought to consult a specialist chap,  
But first it seemed to be sound  
To have my specialists in to dine  
And get them over a glass of wine  
To view my case in the round.

And when all the four of them said  
they'd come,  
I thought it was pretty poor  
That only one man finally came  
Who seemed uncertain about his name  
But drank enough for the four.

But this is the age of consultancy,  
And whatever it is you do,  
There is always an expert ready to come,  
Who on payment down of a suitable sum  
Will do it better than you.

— P. M. HUBBARD





### Invest With Assurance

A VERY rich man, looking through his list of securities, and assessing the emotional and physical damage which the selection and care of these reasonably successful investments had caused him, mused: "If only I had put the lot in good insurance shares!" If only—he would have trebled instead of merely doubling his capital; he would have slept o' nights; he would probably have avoided that duodenal.

It may be late in the day to plunge into insurance shares now. They give a miserly yield. Anyone buying at present prices must take a very long and very optimistic view. But both adjectives appear to be justifiable. Insurance business, and life business in particular, has been one of the best growth undertakings in this country and one with the thickest edge of guilt on it.

There business has gone up by leaps and bounds. The volume of savings canalized through life offices, which was less than £200 million a year at the end of the war, is now running well over £500 million a year. The Life Offices, in backing the life of the average Briton, have backed a certain winner.

Furthermore, many of these offices have thickened the slice of guilt by learning the arts of equity investment in good time. Those which had the wisdom to lay the basis of a good holding of ordinary shares before inflation and expansion had their combined effect on profits and share values, have built up substantial reserves. These reserves are in large part hidden since they need not (yet) be revealed under the Companies Act.

The effect of the increased income from these growth investments has been multiplied by what is known in the investment world as "gearing." In a public company this gearing is largely due to the existence of debenture and preference capital bearing fixed rates of interest. But for all life offices, be they companies or mutual offices, the gearing has been further increased by the fact that a sizeable proportion of their

business is in non-profit policies.

One of the best ways of investing in the shares of insurance companies has been through a unit trust which invests exclusively in this type of investment, namely Insurance Units of the Save and Prosper Group. A sum of £100 invested in these units ten years ago would now be worth £347. The increase in their capital value this year has been better than all other unit trusts.

This investment in equities by life offices raises some fundamental issues of principle. These institutions now take the place of the capitalist who formerly not only looked after the investment of his own money but frequently took a direct hand in the enterprise in which it was invested. Is it healthy that the small saver should delegate his responsibility as a cog in the capitalist system to institutions which prefer a somewhat passive role?

### In the Country



### Irrigation

FARMERS are never satisfied with the weather. Ideally they would like summers to have a dry spell towards the end of June, which would extend to the first fortnight of July to let them get on with the haymaking. Then they would want a drop of rain for the remainder of the month, to encourage the grass and save the roots. And August should be fairly fine.

Seldom does it work out that way. But, rather surprisingly, a great many crops do not get enough rain—even in a wet spring and summer. Farmers have now gained some control over the situation, which means that with so much artificial rain being brought into use, if we get anything like a drought in eleven years time the Great Ouse river is likely to be sucked completely dry by all the neighbouring farmers.

Already one Norfolk farmer has been drawing 180,000 gallons of water a day—several times as much as the whole adjoining urban district. Rationing of

Sir John Benn, the Chairman of the United Kingdom Provident Institution, one of the more dynamic of the life offices, has answered this question with a confident "Yes." The process is essentially democratic and is in any case inevitable in a complex society.

Sir John, however, is no mere defender of the *status quo*. For him there is never room for complacency. If the life offices are to be large providers of equity or risk capital, they should do the job properly. They should, for example, help to fill a gap in the British capital market to which the Radcliffe Committee drew attention, namely that of providing the genuine risk capital needed to finance new inventions and bring them to the stage of commercial production. Investment with assurance is also investing in the future growth and prosperity of Britain.

— LOMBARD LANE

water by means of licences is forecast. So a civil engineer from Cardiff has devised a scheme for a 200-mile open canal to run from the wet areas in the west to East Anglia. He thinks it could be a commercial proposition and would provide farmers with cheap water.

Irrigation is certainly a simple way to increase yields. In places yields of early potatoes have been raised by an average of 50 per cent, and 65 per cent for the main crops. Vining peas are another crop which benefits, but curiously progress is seriously delayed if the "rain" is applied before the flowering stage. Every single sugar beet needs twenty gallons of water during growth. Much of this may have to be applied artificially. Grass, too, needs much more rain than anyone who does not eat it would think.

It's not that we often have drought in this country, but our weather does go in fits and starts. And to get the best results from crops they must have enough moisture at just the right time. So, whether by natural or artificial means, land often needs up to one inch of moisture every ten days.

Irrigation is not cheap. Depending from where the water is drawn it may cost 25s. or 30s. per inch of "rain" on each acre. That is just the operating cost, and does not take into account the expense of equipment.

The next familiar sight on an up-to-date farm is likely to be a reservoir—on top of a hill for the cheapest and best results. Incidentally it's not only water which is used. Liquid manure from the cow house is pumped out as well. It works wonders! — JOHN GASELEE

## Man Decorating

by

*LAH*





## AT THE PLAY

"J.B." (PHOENIX)

UNLESS I missed something—and as the evening wore on there were moments when the faculties lost their keenness—Mr. Archibald MacLeish has failed to add anything new to the story of Job. He transfers him into what one assumes to be modern times (or even the future; there seems to be a nuclear catastrophe at one point, though only glancingly touched on), and calls him "J.B.", which is Job with nothing missing, as you might say; that is, we have a man "perfect and upright" who receives the full treatment of undeserved tribulation, from boils to bereavement, and continues meekly to call on God for an explanation, in order that he may seek forgiveness for the sins he clearly must have committed, but cannot for the life of him recall. At the risk of offending the theologians, I have to say that in my personal opinion the story of Job wasn't a very good one in the first place, and it is a mystery why Mr. MacLeish should have decided to retell

it without at least trying to illuminate its dark corners with some new light. All he does is to take away the one thing it had in its Old Testament form, namely some splendid language, and substitute his own, which I take to be a sort of verse, and much of which is so ordinary that when verbatim passages from the original are boomed from some off-stage echo chamber the jolt into superior poetry is quite unnerving. I felt rather like Miss Hepburn and Mr. Bogart in the *African Queen*, when they burst out of those suffocating weeds into the open lake. (But perhaps you don't see television?)

The presentation is odd without being agreeably bizarre. Two out-of-work actors working as circus odd-job men decide to mount the story of Job as a play, purely for their own amusement. One plays God, the other the Devil, in long white overalls and appropriate masks; I mean dramatically appropriate; actual authenticity of appearance is hard to check. They perform on a platform up a ladder, and the drama flowing from their dialectic occupies the rest of the stage. In time we forget—no doubt we

are meant to—that they are actors at all, and are obliged to witness the distasteful spectacle of God being tempted by the Devil into piling more and more unjust agonies on to the undeserving hero. Mr. MacLeish's standpoint is a strictly devout one. He is not saying, as one is tempted to say on reading of seemingly blind cruelties to innocents in the daily papers, "How can God permit this?" He is saying, faithful to his bewildering original, "God is doing this." What one hopes he will say is why—until it is obvious towards the end of the evening that no such comfort is to be forthcoming.

Mr. Donald Sinden is a curious choice for the persecuted Job. In the early scenes of his impregnable prosperity, surrounded by his clean, well-fed (a property turkey is carved rather too slickly from the upstage side), well-tailored and trimly barbered family, all positively varnished with piety, he has a priggish air; later, in his rags and sores, his tone is mainly petulant rather than gigantically despairing. The part may well be unplayable, I don't know, but an actor less naturally lightweight might have carried us with him more successfully. As "God" and "the Devil"—I think the author might challenge the quotation marks, but still—Mr. John Clements and Mr. Paul Rogers seem to enjoy themselves considerably. After all, these are considerable roles. It is odd to see Mr. Laurier Lister's name as the director. I'm sure he did his best with it.

## Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)  
*And Another Thing* (Fortune—21/9/60) revue with a fair sparkle. *Oliver!* (New—6/7/60), the British musical to beat Broadway. *The Caretaker* (Duchess—11/5/60), vintage Pinter with the author now in the cast. *Billy Liar* (Cambridge—21/9/60), Albert Finney as a northern daydreamer.

—J. B. BOOTHROYD



Mr. Zuss—JOHN CLEMENTS

"J.B."

## AT THE GALLERY

Landseer and the

Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection

IT is doubtful if any serious art lover could now be found to swallow one of Landseer's great successes "The Cat's Paw," which shows a monkey using a cat's paw to retrieve hot chestnuts while her kittens protest. This canvas with "Shoeing the Bay Mare," "Dignity and Impudence" and most of his other



highly finished works seems to contemporary eyes hopelessly sentimental.

Landseer, however, had another side to his nature which found outlet in many vigorous, well-painted sketches such as No. 23 "Queen Victoria and the Duke of Wellington Reviewing the Life Guards." Here his promise in the direction of Delacroix seems enormous. The disparity of his two sides is hard to explain. Was he sometimes deliberately playing to the gallery? Did he lack self-criticism or conviction? Which was the cart and which the horse?

In the very distinguished Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection temporarily in the National Gallery is a number of formidably beautiful works. Some such as the small Holbein of Henry VIII (which we once allowed to pass us by) will arouse our national envy. Others such as Hans Baldung's "Adam and Eve" will arouse our regret, since they seem to have suffered from the modern complaint of over-cleaning.

However, in London we have no Tiepolo to compare to the large Thyssen one, in perfect order—though Melbourne, Australia, has. In addition the Cranach nude (compare with the Baldung), the Goya of the blind man, the tiny Rembrandt landscape, and a small Cuyp landscape are all superb works. But the list of such is not exhausted. To it must be added the clear-cut silhouette, amidst profuse detail of Carpaccio's "Knight in Armour," a very early and successful full-length portrait. Incidentally, where did a man in armour keep his handkerchief? No prize is offered for the solution.

Sir Edwin Landseer, RA, 1802-1873, Diploma Gallery, RA, closes May 14.

The Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection, National Gallery closes April 30.

—ADRIAN D'AINTRY

## AT THE PICTURES

### One Hundred and One Dalmatians Mr. Topaze

IT'S pleasant to be enthusiastic about a Disney again, after so many on which my verdict was something like "Pleasant, quite entertaining family-audience stuff—if that's all you want." The full-length cartoon *One Hundred and One Dalmatians* (three directors: Wolfgang Reitherman, Hamilton S. Luske and Clyde Geronimi) is sown with a certain amount of whimsy, but its ingenious fun, its sheer drawing (far more interesting than usual), its observant characterization of animals and people put it well ahead of any previous cartoon film of the same naturalistic kind (as distinct, I mean, from purely fantastic or abstract ones like the recent *The Do-It-Yourself Cartoon Kit*). There is hardly a sign of the old Disney tendency to slip in a spot of horrific violence, and—as I think, more important—no sign at all of the old Disney inclination towards chocolate-box Charm. The obvious charm of puppies and so forth, yes, but



Castel Benac—HERBERT LOM  
Muche—LEO McKERN

Topaze—PETER SELLERS  
Tamise—MICHAEL GOUGH

none of that insipid pretty-prettiness that was making some of us squirm as long ago as *Snow White*.

This is essentially a funny film about animals and people that has been drawn and animated instead of photographed. I'm not forgetting that actual photographs were no doubt used to help the animators in working out the sequence of movements in some complicated facial or bodily gesture; that has been accepted cartoon practice for many years. But the freedom of the pen is used in the best way, not only to make the comically impossible happen, but to add the touch of perfectly placed stress or exaggeration that makes the picture of reality impossibly comic, and rouses laughter with something of glee in it.

The story, from the book by Dodie Smith, is in outline intimidatingly whimsical. The two Dalmatians who call their owners their pets, the fifteen puppies "dognapped" for their fur and at last rescued, with a houseful more, by a sort of *maquis* consisting of other dogs and farm animals... it doesn't sound like the sort of thing to enthral anyone long out of the nursery. But in fact, nearly every moment is cunningly contrived to please both the child and the adult. The child can be genuinely amused as well as excited by the chase, the suspense, the feeling that these are real animals helping each other; the adult, besides taking pleasure in the sheer ingenuity and invention and observation, or laughing at such reminiscences as that in the moment when the ears of Captain the horse are used to manipulate his powerful hooves ("Fire One! Fire Two!"), can find perpetual fun in the calculated analogies, in sight and sound, between all the animals and human types. All told, this is a winner.

Bearing in mind the artificially comic convention it establishes at the beginning, one is hardly more justified in pointing out improbabilities in *Mr. Topaze* (Director: Peter Sellers) than in, say, *The Importance of Being Earnest*. But the trouble is that it's inconsistent. The film is adapted from Marcel Pagnol's play, one point of which is that if a crooked financier's sleeping partner or stooge decided to use his legal right to possess everything registered in his name, the crooked financier couldn't do very much about it. Very well; but so convincingly does Peter Sellers portray Mr. Topaze the diffident, earnest, conscientious, dedicated, utterly honest provincial schoolmaster, and so convincingly does he portray Mr. Topaze the sleek, amorally contented swindler who has decided to "buy happiness," that it's impossible to believe that one has turned into the other in the space of a few months. Such complete honesty doesn't disappear without a trace. The fault is with the character as written.

But I enjoyed the picture. In the comic school scenes at the beginning Leo McKern is superbly funny as the headmaster, there are many ingenuities in the script (Pierre Rouve) and imaginative details in the direction (the conversation with the Baroness in which her interlocutor, each time he speaks, respectfully presses down an intervening aspidistra-leaf), and the production design (Don Ashton) and CinemaScope colour photography (John Wilcox) make the whole thing visually most attractive.

### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

As always at a holiday season, programmes are uncertain; in London itself, perhaps the only established ones

worth mentioning when these words appear will be *La Dolce Vita* (21/12/60) and *The Facts of Life* (8/3/61). Further out, the Hampstead Playhouse is beginning a new policy of first-run foreign films with the prizewinning Bulgarian-German co-production *Stars*, about a German sergeant in love with a Jewish girl prisoner in a transit camp in 1943: often technically interesting, much good detail.

Releases: *The Rat Race* (29/3/61—105 mins.), dishonest but very well done and entertaining, and *The Grass is Greener* (22/3/61—104 mins.), quite amusing but almost as theatrical as the original play.

—RICHARD MALLETT

## ON THE AIR

### Oh, Stanley!

I EXPECTED much from the *Travellers' Tales* item "In Search of Stanley." *Radio Times* gave it top billing and waxed unusually eloquent in its favour: besides which the story seemed a TV natural—a pilgrimage with a purpose and pictures so topical that they would hardly fail to interest the fugitive from the Westerns roll and the quackery of the quiz boys. I was horribly disappointed. The story of H. M. Stanley's epic expedition turned out to be a drag. Occasionally the film cameras of Cosby and Peggy Jackson picked up wildly interesting shots of native villages, swamps and mountain ranges, but for most of this half-hour the viewer had to be content with shots of the Jackson truck swinging dustily down tracks that could have been located much nearer home. On Hampstead Heath, say. The commentary too was disastrous: at one moment we were in the steps of Stanley, the next traipsing after the Jacksons, and there was nothing to help us sort out the two story lines.

*Travellers' Tales* can be very good, like most of the BBC's roving camera stuff, but this dusty travelogue would have been hooted from the commercial screen twenty years ago when the camera work would have been vastly better and the commentary at least comprehensible.

That great musical marathon the "Eurovision Song Contest" ("Grand Prix 1961") from the Palais des Festivals, Cannes, was another dreary affair. I watched it dutifully and chauvinistically, my switching-off hand stayed by the possibility of a British victory, the hideously vacuous quality of the earlier contestants and the fact that our native representatives, the Allison, were scheduled as the fifteenth or penultimate act in this ninety-minute orgy. One by one, and apparently endlessly, the contestants took up position in an unbelievably baroque setting, conductors changed batons, Mlle. Jacqueline Joubert made her eloquent and spritely introductions, and ears were assailed by a barrage of melodic and verbal clichés. In

the end it was too much even for the BBC: conscious of the fact that millions of grumpy males were itching to get at Sports Special and the Cup semi-finals, it left Cannes before the closing rites and scrambled home to the Television Centre.

Now, I am quite prepared to admit that some people dislike modern songs and modern orchestrations intensely, and that they find lasting relief from *Juke Box Jury* and kindred programmes in a nice old-fashioned bit of Palm Court, *cantabile* and reminiscently melodic. But frankly I cannot see them enjoying sixteen uninterrupted helpings of this dish. And as for youngish people brought up on light music with a beat and the lyrical cleverness of Cole Porter, Gershwin, Hoagy Carmichael, Berlin and their heirs—well, I shudder to think of their reactions. I am told that song contests on a regional and national scale have been going on for months, and that the sixteen at Cannes were the finalists from thousands and thousands of music-makers all over Europe.

I was grateful for one thing—that fifteen of the contestants were singing in languages that disguised to some extent the threadbare shabbiness of the words. The Allison, for the record, came second.

—BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

## IN THE GROOVE

### "Jazz Goes to College"

"WHEN I play," said Dave Brubeck, smiling earnestly, "I must communicate." He spoke with the authoritative confidence and easy charm of a fashionable psychiatrist off duty, or of a great egg-head jazz pianist, which is what he is. And he spoke so simply and yet with such intensity that he suggested he needed music to communicate meaning and feeling beyond words.

"When everything goes all right I can make a sound and through that sound I can reach the audience and they understand," he said. "When the sympathy is profound enough there isn't a single cough. A hypnotic sort of concentration is achieved, and it's so strong I can go out on a high tight-wire of improvisation and the audience unhesitatingly follows me." Meanwhile, Brubeck might have added, Paul Desmond, the wonderful alto saxophonist, swings daringly still higher, in his intricate system of melodic trapezes, and Joe Morello (drums) and Eugene Wright (bass), below, maintain a sturdy and unobtrusive safety net.

"Of course, we have to play what we know people can appreciate," Brubeck said. "In Turkey and India I wouldn't dare play a ballad. I've tried before and the audience just sat there looking blank. But the Turks and Indians are very sensitive to even the most complex rhythmic patterns. In Poland a sentimental ballad would be OK. In Britain we have to make no special concessions;

we can play anything we want here and the audiences seem to get everything."

Having just finished a concert tour of England, the Brubeck quartet assessed the development of jazz appreciation in this country complimentarily. When Brubeck and Desmond paid a late-evening visit to an old friend, Arnold Roth, a Philadelphia cartoonist at present on a caviar and light-ale kick in a flat in Earls Court, they were speaking candidly; they told him that the audience reactions had suggested that British popular tastes in jazz were ahead of those in every other country but the United States, and the lag behind the United States in their opinion was only about a year.

As well as being a strict disciplinarian, Brubeck is fastidiously self-critical; when he is satisfied with the quartet's work one may be sure that it is a perfectly balanced expression of emotions and intelligence. Since he returned to San Francisco, Philips has issued in its admirable new Giant Jazz Gallery a long-playing record of an earlier Brubeck quartet's performances about which he had spoken with fond enthusiasm. Called "Jazz Goes to College" (BBL-7447) it is a collection of recordings of Brubeck and Desmond with Bob Bates, bass, and Joe Dodge, drums, playing at three American universities in 1954 and it represents Brubeck at his brilliant best, communicating on occasions when he had plenty to say and he was saying it to the sort of audience that inspires him most—young people with high IQs. This record is one of those rare ones that become more interesting to listen to the more one listens to them. It is well worth having.

So in their various ways are these other recent releases: "Sonny Stitt Blows The Blues" (HMV-CLP 1420)—alto-saxophone virtuosity that makes up in vigour and dexterity what it lacks in cerebration; "Swing, Swing, Swing," Benny Goodman and his Orchestra (RCA-CDN 148)—Harry James, Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson and others on some of Goodman's vintage big-band recordings made between 1935 and 1939, including Alec Templeton's jazz fugue, "Bach Goes To Town"; "Chris Barber in Copenhagen" (Columbia 33SX 1274)—notable principally for Pat Halcox's hot, low-down, dirty trumpet solo in "Blue Turning Grey Over You"; "We've Got Rhythm," Kid Ory and Red Allen (HMV-CLP 1422)—two of the elder statesmen from New Orleans (Ory was seventy-four years old when this record was made, but the growl of his trombone is as powerful as ever); "Newport Jazz Festival All Stars" (London LTZ-K 15202)—Pee Wee Russell, Bud Freeman, Buck Clayton and others in good form enlivening venerable standards such as "Royal Garden Blues" and "You Took Advantage Of Me"; Russell's clarinet sounds even more congested than usual but he blows characteristic miracles.

—PATRICK SKENE CATLING



# BOOKING OFFICE

## FAGIN AND CO.

By PHILIP HENGIST

**From Shylock to Svengali. Jewish Stereotypes in English Fiction.** Edgar Rosenberg. Peter Owen, 42/-

THIS formidable and arresting volume seeks, in the course of almost 400 pages, to examine the mythology of the Jew and Jewish characteristics in English fiction. Mr. Rosenberg's note of acknowledgements goes some way to prepare the reader for the kind of portentous recapitulation that is to be unloaded. The book has been "seen through its preliminary drafts" by one professor and the manuscript has also been "read, criticized and marginally annotated" by five others. The Stanford University Press is thanked "for prodding me to keep deadlines which I habitually ignored," the Widener Library at Harvard "for allowing me to keep books out of circulation beyond all limits of decency"; and the staff of the Fogg Art Museum for "steering me towards the illustrations that appear in the text."

But once Mr. Rosenberg gets into his expository stride, he becomes lively and interesting. He has considerable gifts of literary exposition, and it is a pity that he does not have a more exciting story to tell. "The types I have chosen for analysis," he writes, "are those of the Jewish criminal and the Jewish paragon as they appear in the English novel between 1795 and 1895."

Shylock provides the backcloth for this discussion, which ranges from Scott's Isaac and Rebecca, through the works of Bulwer, Mrs. Edgeworth, Trollope and Dickens to George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda* and the Svengali of *Trilby*. For the English general reader this is a rather hackneyed tramp—particularly as the author ends his book without a glance at the novels and stories of Israel Zangwill, whose memorable *Children of the Ghetto* appeared in 1892—three years within the scope of Mr. Rosenberg's thesis. Zangwill, dismissed here in three lines as a minor Jewish writer, is far the most remarkable depicter of Jewish society, in both its "paragon" or "criminal" as-

pects, and should in a study of this kind have received extensive mention. It is not excessively uncharitable, perhaps, to observe that this is what comes of burning the midnight lamps over marginally annotated theses, instead of reading books comfortably like Johnson's common reader.

The great interest of the book lies in the large amount of varied and entertaining information that emerges from its pages. The Rise of the Jew-Villain, the Advent of the Saintly Jew (Cumberland and Edgeworth); the Jew as Clown and the Jew's Daughter (Scott); the Jew as Bogey (Dickens); the Jew as Parasite (Trollope); the Jew as Hero and Isaiah Reborn (George Eliot); the Jew as Degenerate and Artist (Du Maurier), etc.—all this can have little fresh interest for those who remember their *Ivanhoe*, *Oliver Twist* or *Trilby*. (One has the feeling that Mr. Rosenberg only included Du Maurier in order to get a laugh out of the reader by reproducing the bi-lingual presentation of Little Billee, e.g. "Little Billee handed sixty francs to the massier for his bienvenue".)

## BEHIND THE SCENES



21—WENDY TOYNE

Graduated from dancing to direct ballets, plays and films

On the other hand Mr. Rosenberg is interesting about that too little-known figure Thomas Godwin (1756-1836), who wrote extensively on the Wandering Jew theme, a subject on which the author of this book writes with fascination. With the best will in the world as an encyclopaedic benefactor of mankind, Godwin certainly dragged his pinions. "My name," the mysterious stranger tells St. Leon, when he makes his first evening call on the St. Leon family, grounded on the shores of the Bodensee—how the Alps drew our eighteenth-century benefactors—

My name shall be buried with me in the grave; nor shall anyone who has hitherto known me, know how, at what time, or on what spot on earth I shall terminate my existence. The cloud of oblivion shall shelter me from all human curiosity...

"What we get from here on," writes Mr. Rosenberg, "is a sequence of calamities by which Godwin increasingly isolates his character, depressing him step by step almost in the manner of Balzac's famous coups."

The book concludes with an interesting chapter entitled "What's new on the Rialto?" in which the author describes how the tradition of Shylock our Heavy Father lives on in the poetry of T. S. Eliot and the novels of Mr. Waugh, in the works of Graham Greene and in writings of those "conscious anti-Semites," Wyndham Lewis and Ezra Pound. He ends with a deserved tribute to Sir C. P. Snow's *The*

*Conscience of the Rich*. One is left with the feeling that, while the shape of the book has been misconceived, it remains a most readable piece of literary mythologizing and a net-bag of miscellaneous historical information.

## NEW NOVELS

**The Light in the Piazza.** Elizabeth Spencer. Heinemann, 12/6

**A Place Apart.** David Lytton. MacGibbon and Kee, 18/-

**Mister Moses.** Max Catto. Heinemann, 15/-

**The Governor.** Alan Thomas. Gollancz, 18/-

THIS has been a disappointing week; by that I mean that I have never become excited while reading, never hurried back to a novel, never wanted to push any of the batch under my friends' eyes. I suppose there is an inevitable gap between the reviewer who says "I have read all this before," and the reader who says "You may have but I haven't. Your job is to read novels; mine isn't." Of course, the



very good or very bad book is easy enough to deal with by reader or reviewer. It is the in-between one that is the difficulty. To say "I didn't think much of it because it seemed hackneyed; but if you don't read very many new novels you might quite enjoy it," would be insufferably patronizing and conceited and impertinent and unfair to the novelist. Yet it really might be quite helpful. But, on the other hand, standards have to be kept up.

*The Light in the Piazza* is a chilly little tale about an American mother who marries her mentally defective daughter off to a Florentine. Economically told and not requiring to be explicitly ruthless, it does not really do much beyond straightforwardly recounting the stages in the grim transaction. With some help from layout, what might be a very good short story is stretched to a hundred pages and the publishers are thus able to charge 12s 6d for it. The American reviews of Miss Spencer's previous books make one wonder why it is this one that has been chosen for her English debut.

*A Place Apart* follows, but is not a sequel to, *The Goddam White Man*, that savage plea to the Cape Coloured not to trust to any liberal promises but to carve out a free destiny for themselves. It is the story of the son of a white man and a coloured woman who shows some literary ability, is first beaten up and then taken up by whites, is mistaken for a white by a girl and ends tragically. Unfortunately the force of feeling behind its attack on racialism is damped down by the pretentiousness and vagueness of much of the writing. Some of the episodes involving The Poet, who befriends the hero but shows weakness, are so naively controlled that one guesses at an original delineated with a pen that anger has made

clumsy. In the torrent of books about race in Africa, this, despite some vivid incidents, is outclassed, a pity after the clear, hard hitting of its predecessor.

*Mister Moses* is a readable mixture of adventure and deep meaning. A tribe in the French Congo are to be moved to make room for a reservoir. The District Officer, who tells the story, and the priest fail to persuade them to co-operate; but a travelling mountebank, who is not only called Moses but increasingly behaves like him; leads them for forty days through the wilderness to the promised land. The strange book zips along pleasantly; but I found its allegory evasive.

*The Governor* is about a Cyprus-type island whose new Governor supports fixing a day for Independence against the united opposition of his advisers with local experience. His wife is empty-headed and his son runs into tragedy and altogether the Governor has a toughish time. It makes a pretty straightforward transcript of political history perked up with marital difficulties of the kind usually found in fiction between executives and their wives in the stockbroker belt. It reads easily enough but it is rather a simple-minded study of two big problems. There is nothing in the writing or the characters or the setting or the argument that will make it linger in my memory, a pity because I felt somehow there was more to Mr. Thomas than to his novel. — R. G. G. PRICE

#### MONARCHY IN MINIATURE

*Princes of Monaco.* Françoise de Bernardy. Barker, 30/-

*The Dame of Sark.* Sibyl Hathaway. Heinemann, 21/-

With the capture of Monaco in 1297 François Grimaldi, a Genoese sailor, began a line whose rule was to last, with one gap six hundred years ago, until to-day. This distinguished family has produced many noted men, among them a Grand Admiral of France, Rainier Grimaldi. In her detailed and scholarly history Françoise de Bernardy traces the vicissitudes through which, a valuable pawn in Mediterranean politics, Monaco was squeezed between the powers before finally throwing in its lot with France. From its serious collapse after the French Revolution it was rescued by Monsieur Blanc (who should of course have been Monsieur Rouge-ou-Noir) and his casino, which paved the way to prosperity.

Sark was another self-governing rock seized by a privateer who founded the present line of rulers. Its laws have changed little since Elizabethan days. An absence of divorce, trade unions, unemployment, politicians, motor-cars, income-tax and death-duties makes it an oasis of peaceful living. For thirty years Mrs. Hathaway has been its enlightened Dame. Her autobiography is charmingly written. She describes entertainingly her rugged childhood with an eccentric

father who taught her as a small girl to shoot with a revolver at a top-hat thrown into the air, her two happy marriages and her difficulties during the occupation. But clearly this firm and humorous lady was more than a match for German heel-clickers. — OWEN K. RICE

#### MANY WATERS

*A Sail in a Forest.* Peter Pye. Hart-Davis, 21/-

*Coral and Colour of Gold.* Roy Struben. Faber, 21/-

Since writing *Red Mains'l* in 1952 Dr. Pye has become a professional writer as expert as both he and his wife, Anne, are sailors and navigators; *Moonraker* has been their main source of ideas and adventure as well as their home. She is a gaff-rigged cutter, with tops'l, comfortable and old-fashioned maybe, but looking as most of us feel a boat should look, in spite of the performance figures of the modern cruiser/racer with its appearance of "the inside of a London Tube." So comfortable that when Hammond Innes first saw her "country-cottage" cabin and its furnishings he suggested that the tale of her Caribbean cruise should have been called *Thirty Thousand Miles in a Double Bed*. This is the story of five months in Scandinavian and Finnish waters—practical, down-to-earth doings, told with humour and expert neatness.

Commander Struben was discarded from the Navy in 1929, with a heavy infiltration of tubercle in both lungs. While still with one lung collapsed under artificial pneumothorax he had the sense to realize that living could be more exciting than mouldering away in some City office, even with an excellent excuse for taking it easy. So he sailed for Papua and the Solomons, and this romantically-titled book is the result. First he renovated a derelict schooner—*Navanora*—and lived as general carrier between the islands, then, having won a gold claim in a ballot, was lured to New Guinea, first to prospect and then to penetrate the interior. Coral islands and the "colour" of gold, which had fired the imagination of two generations of diggers, light up a book most happily free from wearisome and unnecessary personal detail.

— JOHN DURRANT

#### SUGGESTION BOX

*Occasion for Ombudsman.* T. E. Utley. Christopher Johnson, 15/-

In Denmark the Ombudsman is defined as "a parliamentary commissioner to supervise the civil and military administration of the State." He is a man appointed by Parliament to help the individual who gets run down by the impersonal juggernaut of government activity. In Britain state control has proliferated in recent years and there are many people who feel that Parliament and the Press are not in themselves vigilant enough in their pursuit of private rights. This book, sponsored by the Society for Individual Freedom, examines



some of the cases in which bureaucratic victimization of the individual has apparently been most marked—in the nationalized industries, within the Health Service, and so on. It is an interesting and instructive record, and Mr. Utley manages to evoke all the sympathy needed to support his proposals. As the first shot in a campaign this is, however, a curiously inadequate document: it somehow lacks the bite and thrust of the successful reformist tract. The reader should be left steaming with rage, frustration and Shavian splenetics instead of wearily contemplating yet more examples of typical British muddle.

— BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

#### DETECTIVE FACT

**Mammals in the British Isles.** Philip Street. Robert Hale, 21/-

The tame title of Mr. Street's study in Nature red in tooth and claw is appropriately deceptive. For addicts of real detection it is to the Whodunit as burgundy to small beer. His introductory chapter is a *coup d'oeil précis*, for the general reader, of the processes of mammalian evolution lucidly germane to his subsequent examination of our native and naturalized animals, both wild and domesticated, in the light of new knowledge acquired since the end of the last war. These he discusses order by order. Fascinating as he makes the histories of vole and bat, red deer and badger it is in his studies of the origins of our most familiar domestic animals that Mr. Street most captures the imagination. He handles inter-glacial periods and the fifty-odd years of the establishment in this country of the edible dormouse with a like ease. Necessarily his generalizations are sweeping. "Animals were first domesticated a very long time ago, probably before man became civilized." When did that occur?

— R. C. SCRIVEN

#### THE THEATRE IN PARIS

**Dionysus in Paris.** Wallace Fowlie. Gollancz, 25/-

This is an examination of the serious French theatre by an informed American critic. Mr. Fowlie's is a highbrow approach, stopping short of Roussin and Salacrou, but he is a highbrow who carries the guns to make searching and sensible analyses of dramatists as difficult as Claudel and Montherlant. He finds in Paris a traditional regard for directors that goes back to Copeau and Dullin, and centres to-day on men like Barrault and Vilar, a dedicated body of actors at their best in superb teamwork, and highly critical audiences who adore Molière but yet support the experimental little theatres.

Perhaps dazzled by the postwar glories of the Paris theatre, Mr. Fowlie seems unaware of the grave financial crisis which has lately hit its smaller companies, or of the temporary dearth of good native plays a few years ago that



"He says he wants his teeth fixed on the National Health."

led to heavy imports of medium-weight stuff from England and America. But the judgments of this welcome book are generally sound.

— ERIC KEOWN

#### LETTERS AND LIFE

**Elizabeth Rigby, Lady Eastlake.** Marion Lochhead. Murray, 18/-

Elizabeth Rigby was born in 1809, six years before Waterloo; she died in 1893, four years before the Diamond Jubilee. But she was not merely remarkable for longevity. She was a pioneer in journalism as a career for women; she wrote a best-seller, *Letters from the Shores of the Baltic*; she attacked *Jane Eyre* most violently in *The Quarterly*: "If we ascribe the book to a woman at all, we have no alternative but to ascribe it to one who has, for some sufficient reason, long forfeited the society of her own sex." (Small wonder that Charlotte Brontë's publishers tried to withhold the review from her.) And then, as if this was not enough, at the ripe age of forty, Elizabeth married Charles Eastlake, the future President of the Royal Academy, and entered "the innermost sanctuary of society." Her hosts of famous acquaintances, her travels, her literary ventures and, not least, her own strong character,

make her a fine subject for biography; and Miss Lochhead has written this book with quiet affection and authority.

— JOANNA RICHARDSON

#### CREDIT BALANCE

**American Plaid.** Cecile de Banke. Hutchinson, 30/- Successor to *Hand Over Hand* and *Bright Weft*. Voyage from South Africa to USA, life as teacher of elocution and drama, holidays in picturesque places filled with homely characters. Despite thinly simple sentiments, descriptive writing retains its unpretentious letter-writer's vividness; but Miss de Banke is developing a tendency to gush.

**The American Civil War.** Winston S. Churchill. Cassell, 12/6. Seven chapters from the *History of the English-speaking Peoples*, extracted to form a complete and indeed a coruscating account of the war between the States. Embellished by numerous lively contemporary photographs.

**Growing Up Absurd.** Paul Goodman. Gollancz, 21/- Sad study of adolescence in the America of organization man. Stimulating, if slightly confusing, mixture of sociology, criminology, literary criticism and good, straight denunciation. Particularly interesting on what makes beatniks nik.



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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

FOR  
WOMEN



## My Next Husband

I AM married to a lawyer. My next husband will be outside the law in more senses than one, preferably a high-class confidence trickster with a heart of gold. His actual *modus vivendi* will not matter, provided he rolls in ill-gotten, filthy lucre, enabling me to roll happily beside him, muffled in mink and dripping with diamonds.

He will never have heard of the law relating to libel and slander and will be unable to add up accounts correctly. This will be a great asset to him in any encounter with the Inland Revenue. He will not allow his dinner to cool while he madly writes out cheques, in case, by some oversight, he might not pay his bills by return of post. In fact, he will never pay them at all, so that we shall live like lords on the fat of the land. His legal knowledge will not extend beyond keeping out of clink and for that he will know all the answers on both sides of the law.

In icy weather, he will not rise at crack of dawn to scatter horrible ashes all up and down the front path in case

some third party is half-witted enough to fall down and break some vital part of himself or herself in such a strange way as to render us liable to keep him or her for the rest of our or their lives, in spite of every known policy to cover this unlikely contingency. Nor will he get up at 3 a.m. on a windy night to check his policy to discover just what his responsibilities will be for the total loss of the next-door house and all its valuable contents if our roof blows off and lands on theirs.

On our constant round of luxury hotels and country house visits, he will sleep happily with pictures hanging above his head. He will not find it imperative to climb up and remove them (to the dismay of our hostess) in case they fall down in the night.

He will not, each time we leave the house be it for five minutes or five weeks, go back three times to make quite sure that he has locked the front door and pulled out all the electric light plugs. Nor will he screw up the hall window to deter any burglar who might be after

the family silver. He won't have 'any silver and certainly no family if I know him as well as I think I do. For my part, I shall be constantly adding to his elegant collection of old school and regimental ties and shall make it my special care to keep all these in impeccable condition. And, any time My Mink is swiped, if he cannot guarantee to replace it without paying a penny, I shan't take him on in the first place.

I shall even be able to keep a dog without insuring for forty thousand pounds, to cover all the possible damages that might be awarded against us in the High Court if the dog ran into the road, causing an accident to a tycoon driver, who will then sue us for the loss of his astronomical earnings, which case we are bound to lose. And, in the unlikely event of our winning, the costs will be so crippling—even to one of the fraternity—as to make no odds. We shall be reduced to beggary. And whoever heard of anyone giving alms to a lawyer?

The only insurance policy my second effort will own will be the one for the Rolls-Bentley, and, if he is half the man I intend him to be, he will steal that.

It will never occur to him to rush round the house in a panic, closing all the windows, when I give vent to my valuable views on the Government in general and our Council in particular.

Nor will he refuse to go to bed while one, small glimmering spark remains in the fire, meanwhile removing all furniture out of range and burying the newspapers—which might otherwise take a flying leap at a lurking ember and set fire to the house—under the sofa cushions.

When I drive our second or third best Jaguar, I shall reverse into the main road, park on crossings, skip the lights at eighty and drive on after the ensuing accident, secure in the knowledge that the boot contains a first-class selection of false number plates and driving licences and an entrancing collection of drip-dry, grease-resisting disguises.

He will not, after eighteen years uninterrupted occupation of the same house, continue to have all his dividend warrants, correspondence with accountants, banks and other important institutions, sent to his club because he likes to be sure of a permanent address. I do not intend to have a permanent address.

## Making the Most of Your Nylons

WEAR them jauntily out of doors,  
Take them off for the household chores.  
Guard them carefully in the street,  
Wash them daily to keep them neat.  
After washing them end the day with  
Hanging them out for the cat to play with.

— MARJORY HILL



We shall move from gilt-edged penthouse to gold-plated farmhouse and on again whenever the problem of spring-cleaning crops up. All decorations, carpets and furniture will be brand new each time. My American kitchen will be the envy of all our doubtful acquaintances, though the only time I shall enter it will be when I show it off. If my bucket-shop financier of a husband cannot provide the necessary staff (and surely he will be in contact with a few old lags, glad to go to ground?) that will be where his heart of gold comes in useful and he will do the washing-up. After all, every crook, in court, is invariably held up as an example of a devoted husband and father.

It will be sad if he is incompetent enough one day to be caught in his career as provider-in-chief of gracious living for me. But I hope to retain enough contacts with my present life to get him off. Unless, of course, I tire of life as a gangster's moll. In which case, after my long years of unwilling training in the laws of tort, misfeasance and idiotic references to "a reasonable man," I ought not to find it too difficult to get him clapped behind bars for a very long time. — BRENDA BROOKE

## Cell Census

**H**AVE you wondered just what your skin cells have been doing all night to make you look the way you look? In front of the mirror? In the early morning?

Do you ever give a passing thought to your metabolism? Or your anabolism?

Do you realize that, in the stilly watches, your starved skin cells have been deserting you? Without leaving replacements?

Ask yourself how you *dare* to face the future without the stupendous benefit of polyunsaturism—without giving your skin the new miracle triple-action: embryonic fluid intake, vitamin absorption, deep layer penetration.

*And the name of the miracle is Dui-Luk.*

Now you can embark on the, oh, so important thirties without trepidation. At last you need not look on helplessly while your tissues, flattened by time and denied the fount of beauty contained in a bio-energizer, abandon you

to the all-too-familiar "drained-out" look.

Now you can treat your skin to the moisturizing ingredients included in a single cream which lubricates, energizes and rescuscitates, all at the same time.

Now you can take your cells in hand. Refuse to become a victim of your capricious cytoplasm. Arm yourself with the most drastic weapon science has yet produced in answer to nature's age-old challenge, by sending off for a sample jar of this multi-active, too-good-to-be-true cream.

You can't count your cells, of course, but the miracle cream does that for you. No more desertion in the small hours. All you have to do is relax, and dream enchanting dreams.

*(So startling are the results of this preparation that it is felt to be unnecessary to offer the usual guarantee, as both cream and container can be put to many alternative uses.)* — BETTY ALLDAY

☆

## Back to the Plough

**M**Y husband woos me,  
For fear he'll lose me,  
With gadgets of all kinds.  
Whirrers, whizzers,  
Stirrers, fizzers.  
And things for paring rinds.

With stoners, slicers,  
Boners, dicers,  
My kitchen thuds and hums;  
The pincers pince,  
The mincers mince,  
With tit-bits off my thumbs.

The wheels bemuse,  
The cogs confuse  
My simple country life.  
And he will lose me  
Unless he woos me—  
With just a good sharp knife.

— PAMELA HOARE



"What's up with you lot? Drinking and smoking's vegetarian, ain't it?"

# Toby Competitions

## No. 160—Tittle-tattle

PROVIDE a paragraph from a gossip column concerned with any royal personage in a Shakespeare play. Limit 120 words.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. Entries by Wednesday, April 12. Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 160, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

## Report on Competition No. 157 (What's the Joke?)

Since the re-publication of this baffling Thackeray drawing of 1847, for which competitors were asked to provide a caption, several readers have pointed out that there *was* an explanation,



## MORRID TRAGEDY IN PRIVATE LIFE!

fifty years after its first appearance. Although a contemporary of the period, *Man in the Moon*, offered a reward of £500 for the solution of the mystery no claim was ever made and it was only in the Biographical Edition of Thackeray that a note appeared saying that the girls were "playing at Queens," and one had ordered the other to instant execution.

No competitor hit on this, which is scarcely surprising. Strenuous efforts were made to recapture the old-fashioned verbose captions, not always with success. Some topical allusions had to be ruled out as too remote. From an enormous field, one of the biggest in the history of these competitions, the winner emerged as:

G. E. HARVEY,  
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CHESHIRE

"Look at the time. Why have you left the factory so early?"  
"Haven't you heard? Mr. Ashley's new Act of Parliament forbids us to work more than ten hours a day."  
"Heavens, child—if you have any more leisure for watching that magic lantern at nights you will ruin your eyesight."

Following are the runners-up:

"You must try to play with more feeling."

(The young lady's left-handed music teacher has mislaid her violin but suspecting that the young lady knows its whereabouts is determined to continue the lesson without her instrument. The young lady does not know where the violin is.)

Patrick C. Liddle, c/o Holme Knowe Farm, Aston, Henley on Thames, Oxon.

"... Well, actually, my dear, it was a gooseberry bush, about so high."

W. A. Bartlett, 32 Buryfield Road, Solihull, Warwickshire

MAMMA (patting Becky Sharp's head): "And remember, dear child, if you prove yourself a good woman, you will one day marry a fine gentleman—perhaps even the chairman of all the railways."

BECKY (smiling dreamily): "I think I *could* be a good woman if I had five thousand a year."

J. W. Bennett, 14 Summercrafts Avenue, New Holland, Lincs.

MOTHER (anxious to impress her daughter with the piscatorial, if no other, prowess of Lord Muntanched, for whom *she* has been angling as a prospective son-in-law for the last six months): IT WAS AT LEAST THREE FEET LONG, JANE!

DAUGHTER (who has been watching Lord M. from behind the laurels in the shrubbery, and has seen him catch nothing all the morning): I SUPPOSE, MAMMA DEAR, THAT THAT WAS THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY? (Collapse of poor Mamma!)

A. M. Robertson, 28 Wandle Court Gardens, Beddington, Croydon

"But Emily dear, if after one visit to Covent Garden you are so sure that you wish to devote your life to opera, you must learn the correct gestures. The heart I repeat is on the left side of the body."

(Italian Opera opened in Covent Garden, April 7, 1847.)

Wing Commander W. O. Davies, R.A.F. College, Cranwell, Sleaford, Lincs.

LITTLE LUCY: "Charlotte dear, I'm afraid I'm going to have to scratch—"

BIG SISTER (who lives in dread of vermin): "Well I'm not the least surprised. Look, you silly child, you've come home from church wearing someone else's bonnet; and no doubt it belongs to one of those dirty working-class children."

LITTLE LUCY: "—to scratch poor Black Beauty out of the children's class at the Show. I've just been to see her and her fetlock's no better... The bonnet, by the way, is the Vicar's daughter's. I borrowed it on purpose to make you talk about your pet subject." (Collapse of big sister.)

W. H. Dobson, 50 Colman Street, Anlaby Road, Hull, Yorks.

Fond Mamma to harum-scarum, disobedient daughter: "Mamma can see that dearest Annabelle has not been using her backboard: otherwise she would have been this much taller and her beautiful new dress would not have looked *quite* so odd, even if it *had* been put on back to front in unladylike haste!"

Mrs. Lex Hornsby, 23 Great Russell Mansions, 60 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1

MRS. DICKENS (proudly indicating her husband's volumes to new Maidservant): "Do not be surprised if the Master does not notice you. He is a Great Author and consequently always dreaming."

NEW MAIDSERVANT (who has, in fact, just met the MASTER for the first time): "Ah, thet hexplains it M'm. I suppose as 'ow 'e pinched me to see if 'e was awake!"

P. J. Henham, 31 Cranmore Gardens, Aldershot

MAMMA: Surely, Marianne, you know by now that you should wear the *longer* part of your skirt at the *back*? Supposing some gentleman were behind you when you leaned *forward* for something—he would see that you had *ankles*!

MARIANNE: I will change it at *once*, Mamma. (Thinks: Little does poor Mamma know that Mr. Blenkinsop has seen that I have *legs*.)

Joan Harrison, Home Farm, Standlake, Witney, Oxon.

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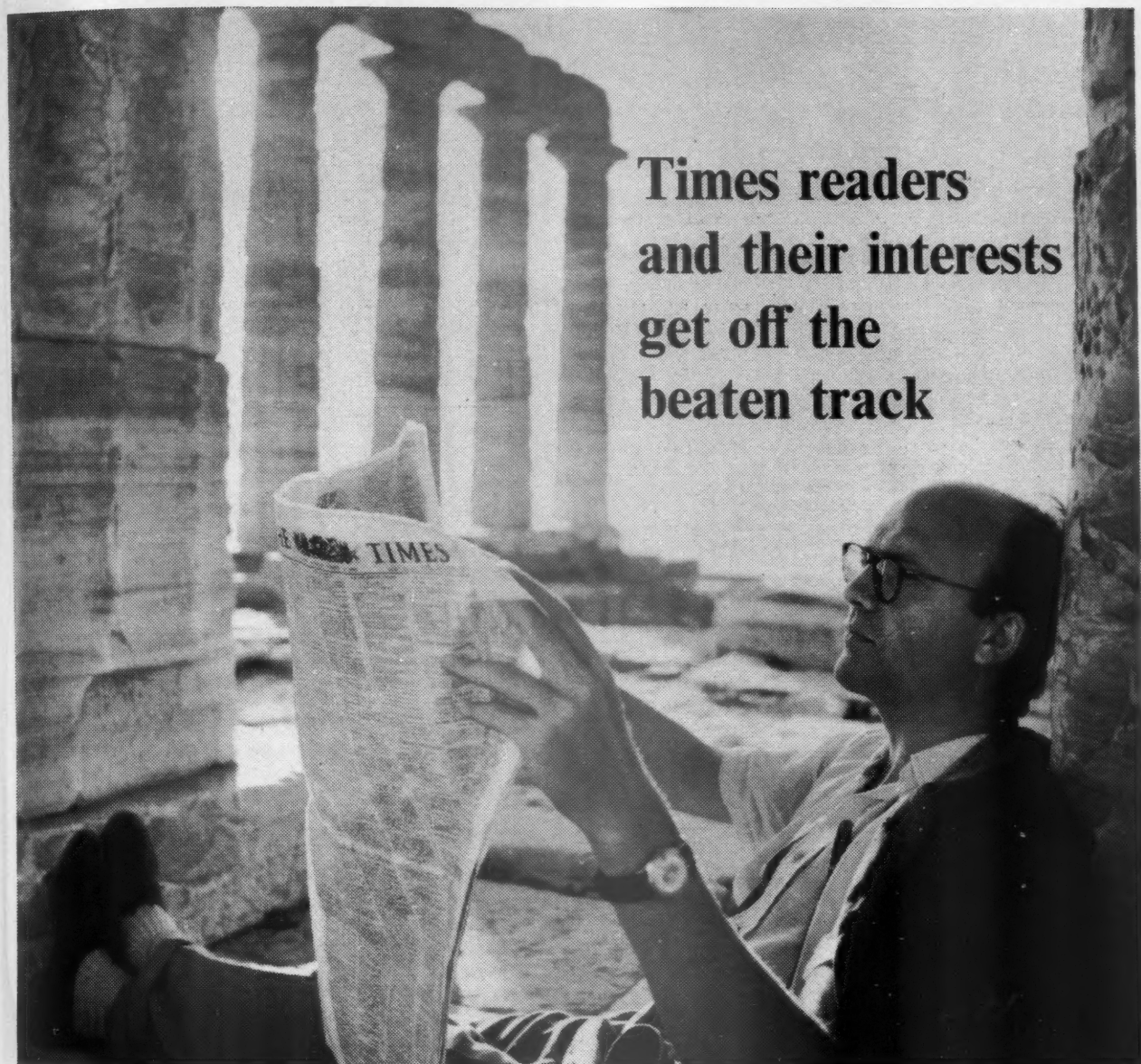
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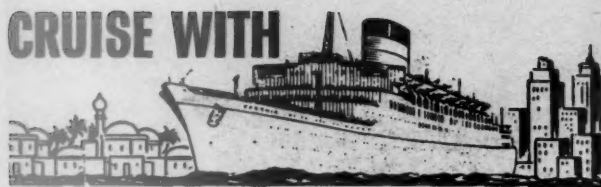
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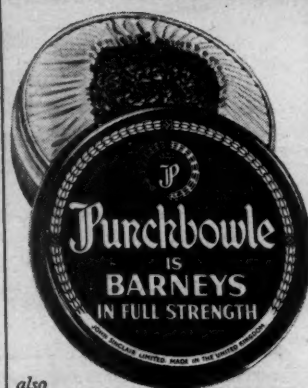
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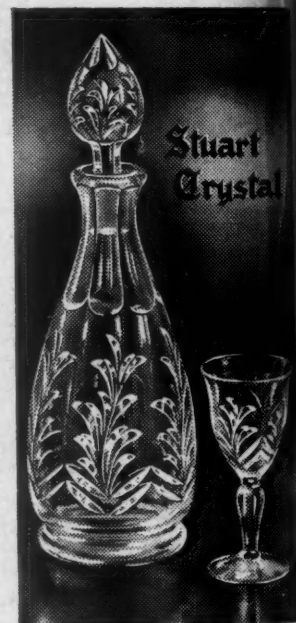
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